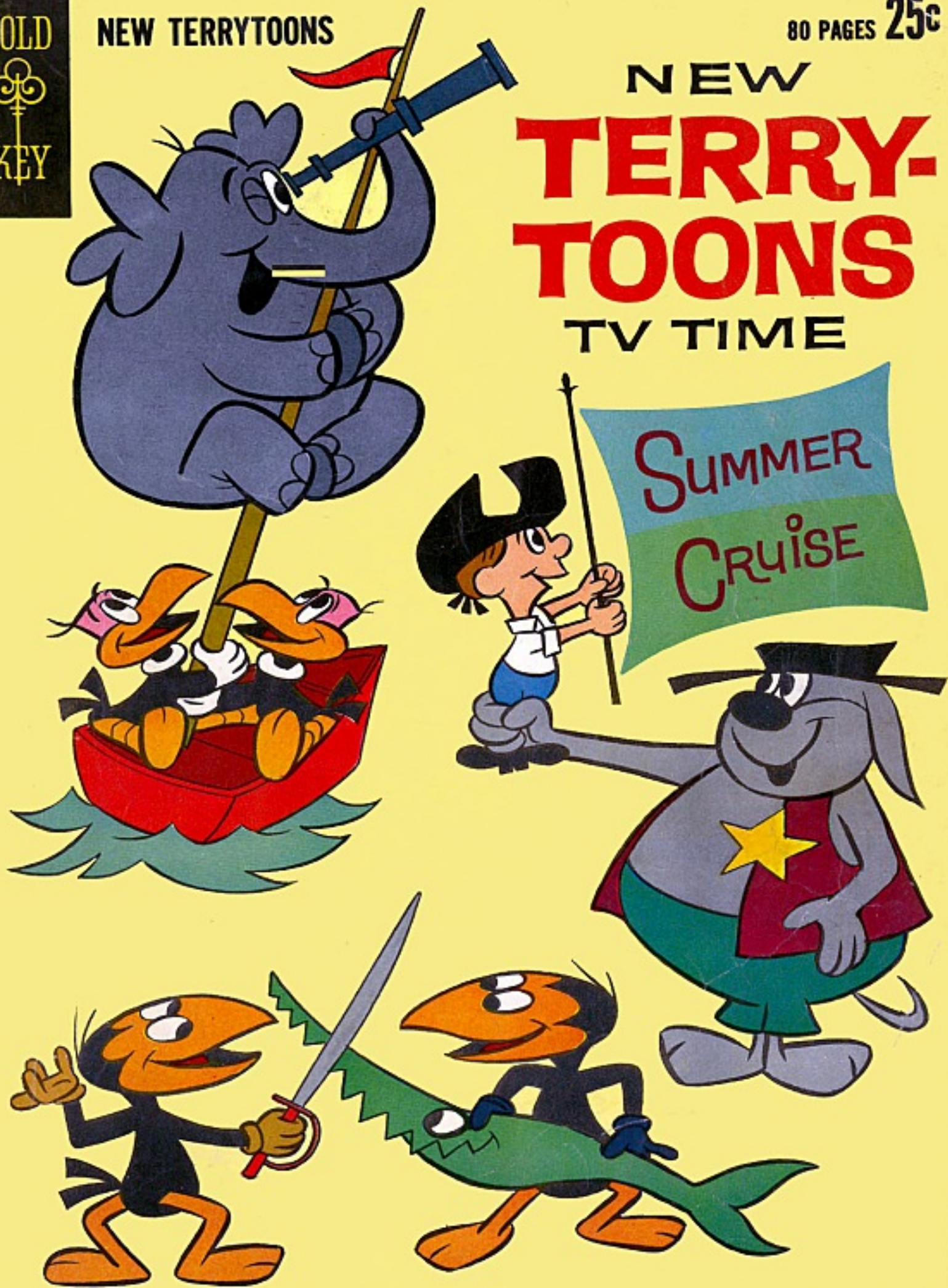


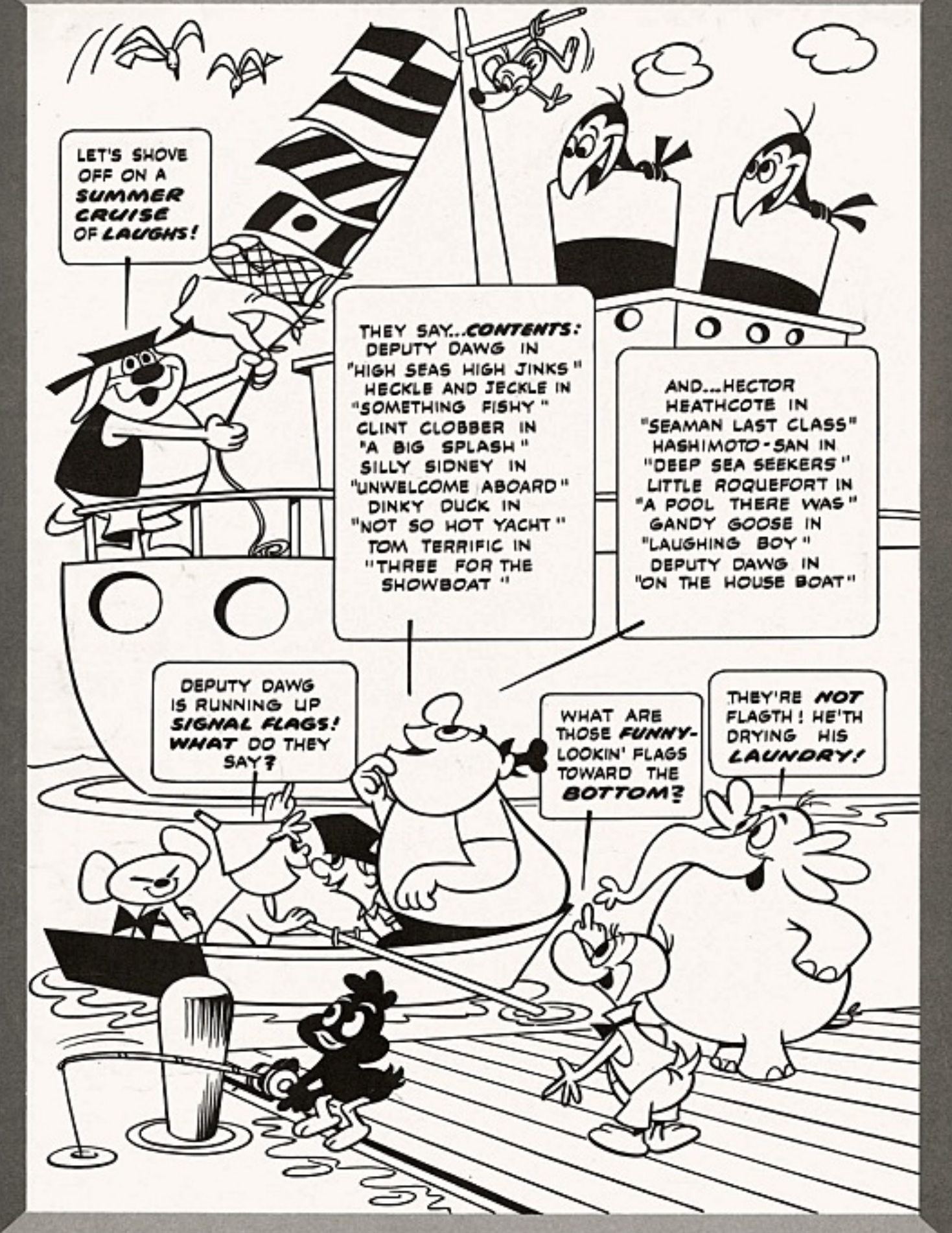
GOLD
KEY

NEW TERRYTOONS

80 PAGES 25c

NEW
**TERRY-
TOONS**
TV TIME





LET'S SHOVE
OFF ON A
**SUMMER
CRUISE
OF LAUGHS!**

THEY SAY...**CONTENTS:**
DEPUTY DAWG IN
"HIGH SEAS HIGH JINKS"
HECKLE AND JECKLE IN
"SOMETHING FISHY"
CLINT CLOBBER IN
"A BIG SPLASH"
SILLY SIDNEY IN
"UNWELCOME ABOARD"
DINKY DUCK IN
"NOT SO HOT YACHT"
TOM TERRIFIC IN
"THREE FOR THE
SHOWBOAT"

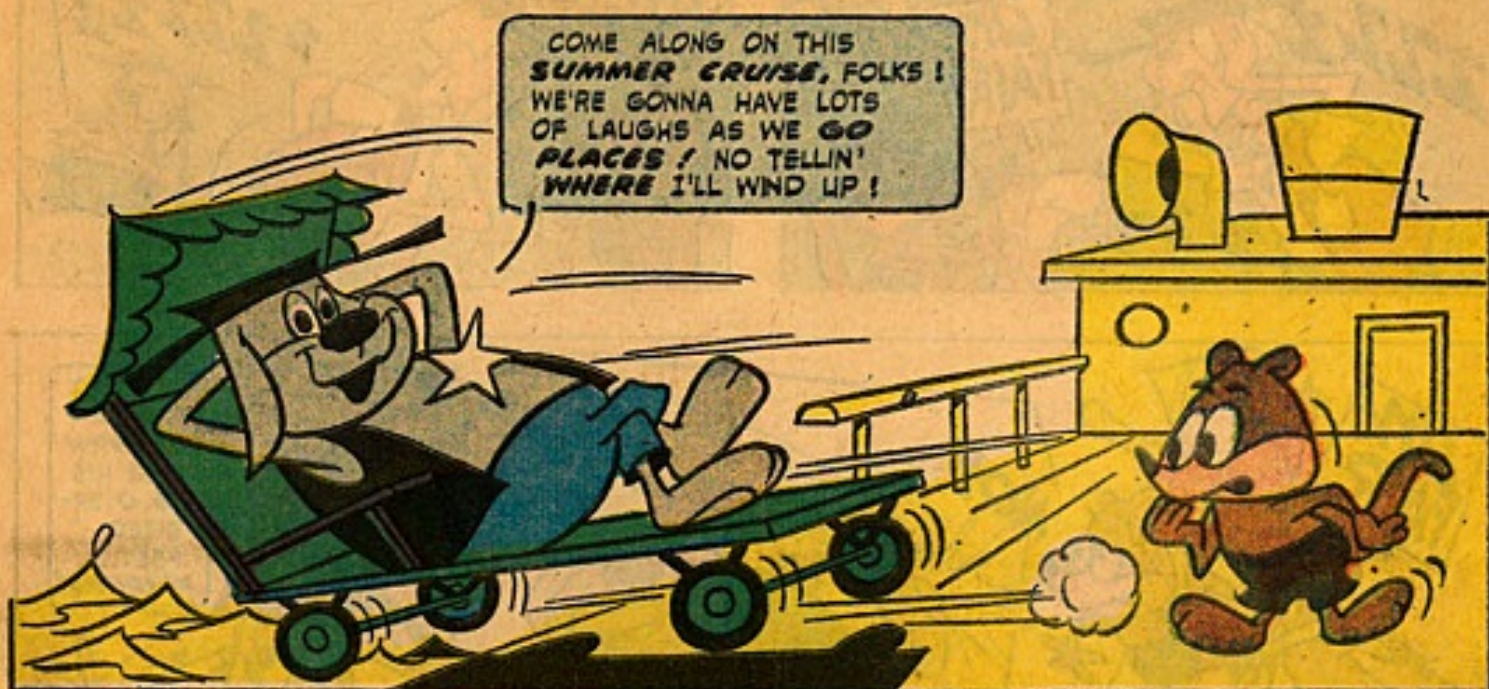
AND...HECTOR
HEATHCOTE IN
"SEAMAN LAST CLASS"
HASHIMOTO-SAN IN
"DEEP SEA SEEKERS"
LITTLE ROQUEFORT IN
"A POOL THERE WAS"
GANDY GOOSE IN
"LAUGHING BOY"
DEPUTY DAWG IN
"ON THE HOUSE BOAT"

DEPUTY DAWG
IS RUNNING UP
SIGNAL FLAGS!
WHAT DO THEY
SAY?

WHAT ARE
THOSE **FUNNY-**
LOOKIN' FLAGS
TOWARD THE
BOTTOM?

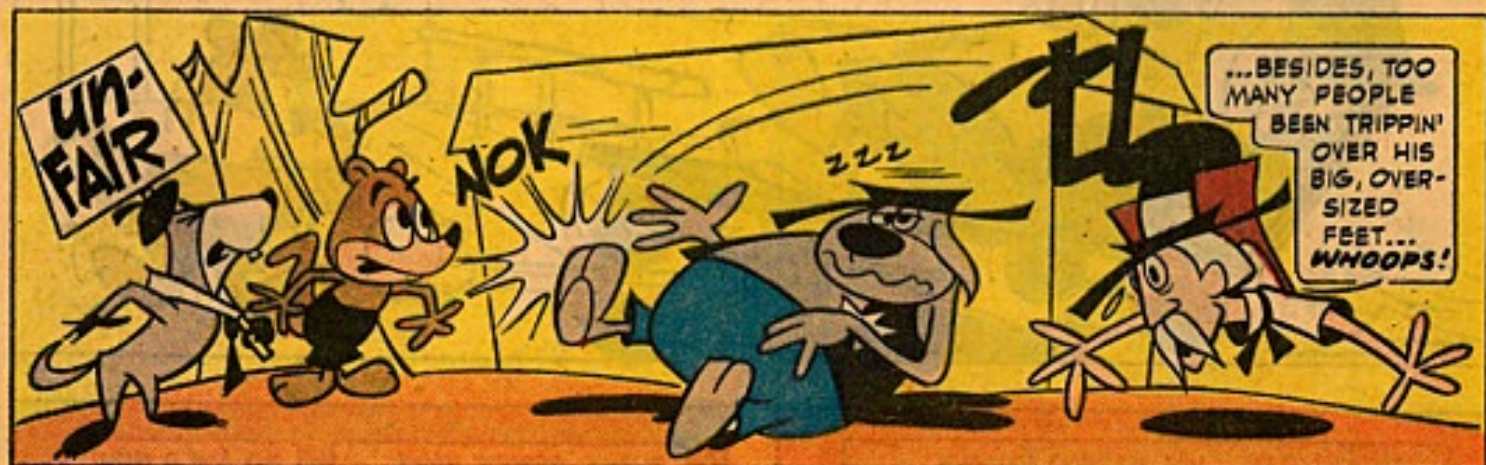
THEY'RE **NOT**
FLAGTH! HE'TH
DRYING HIS
LAUNDRY!

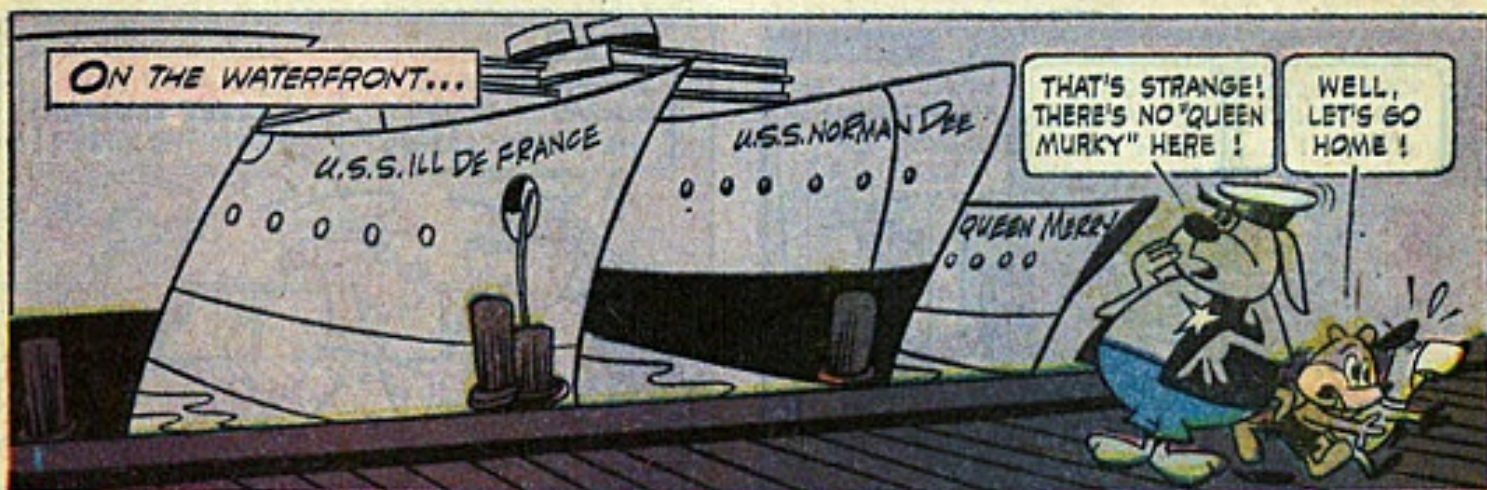
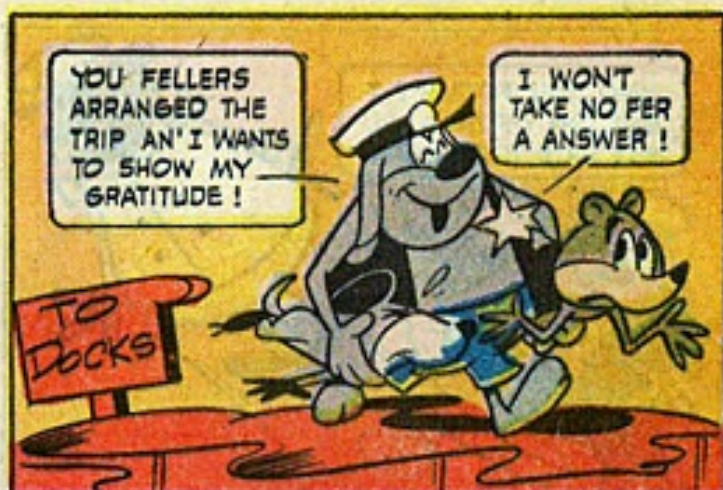
DEPUTY DAWG HIGH SEAS HIGH JINKS

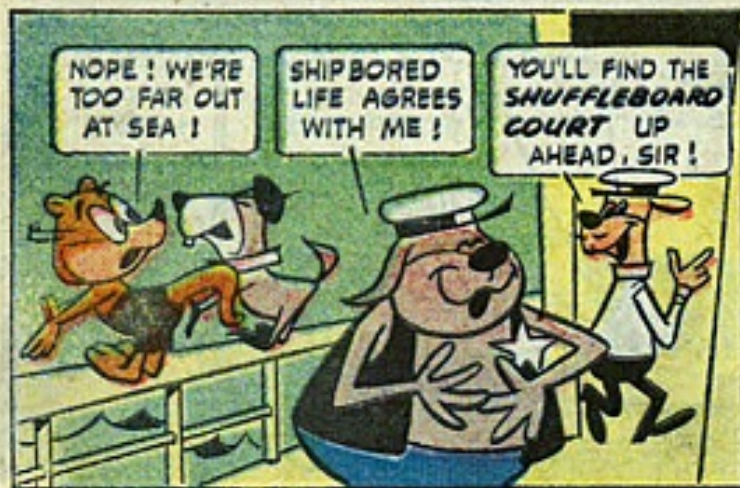
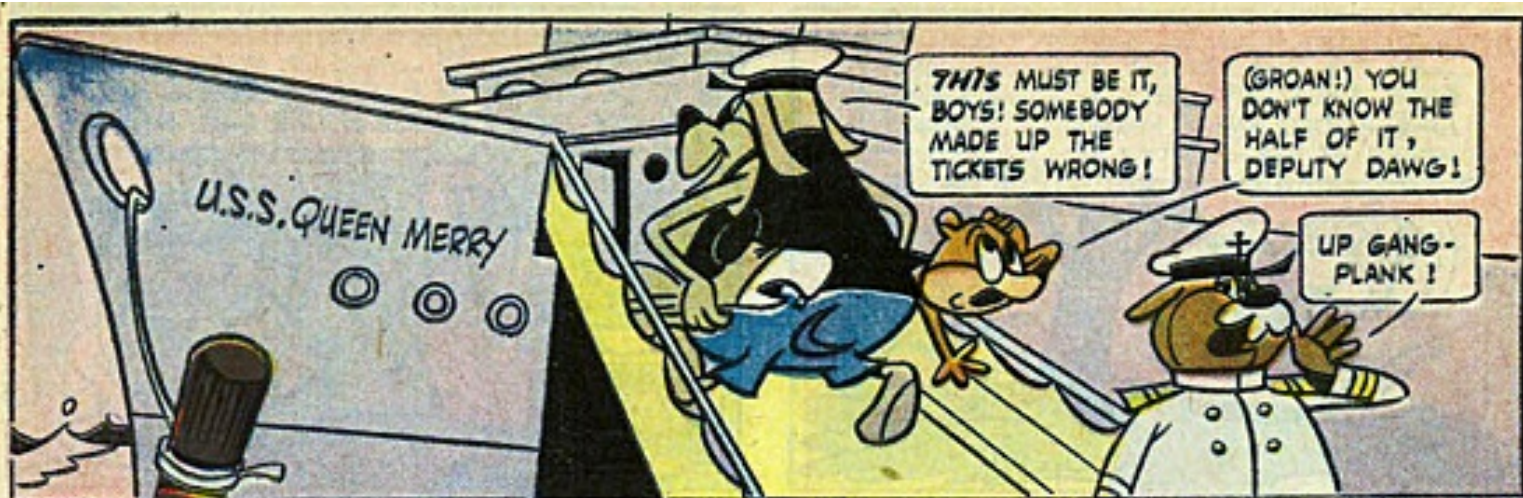


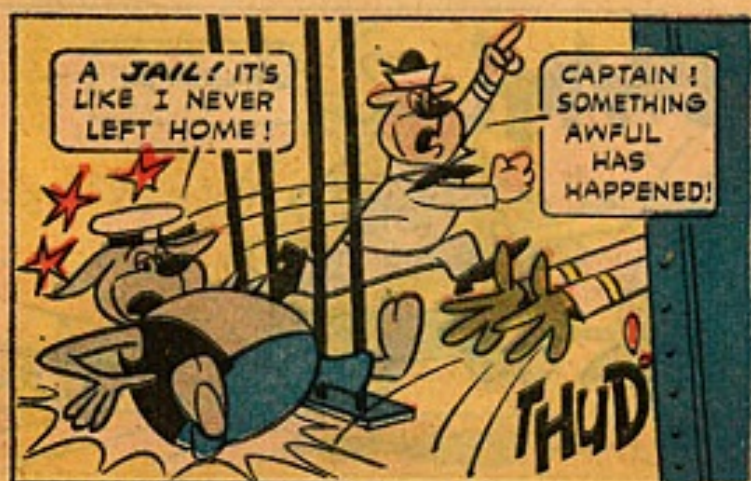
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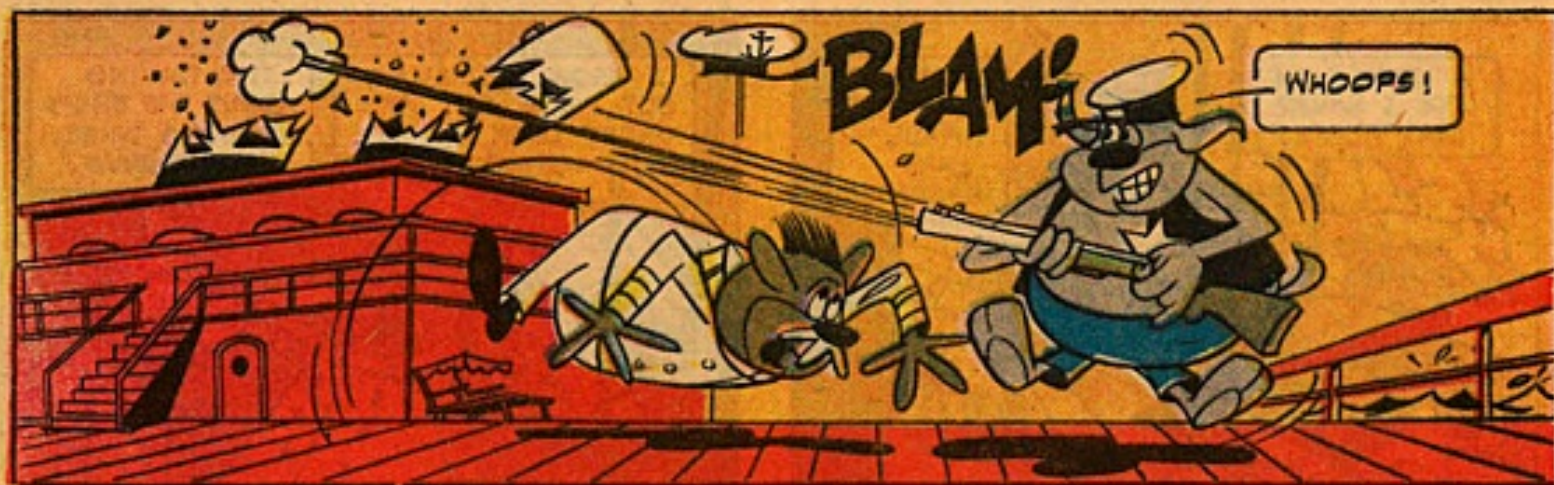
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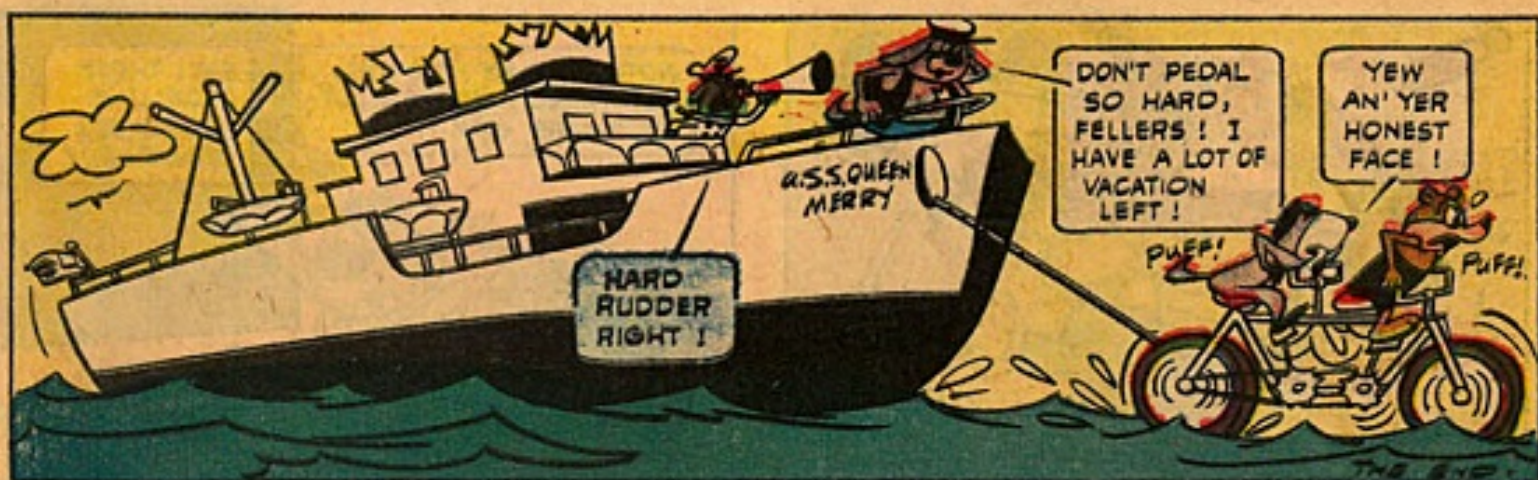
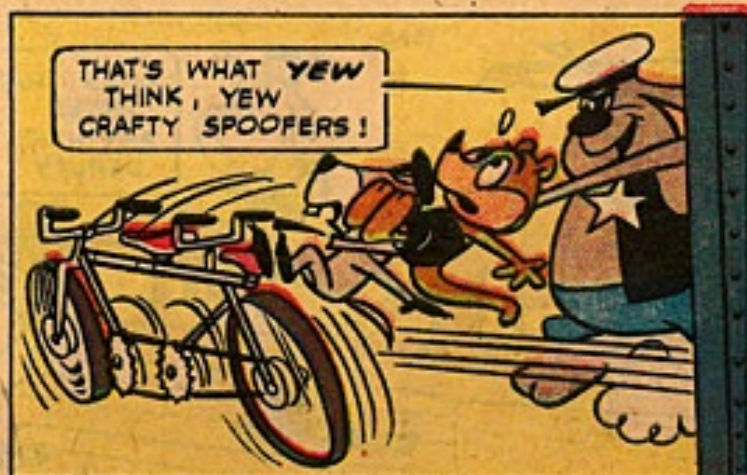
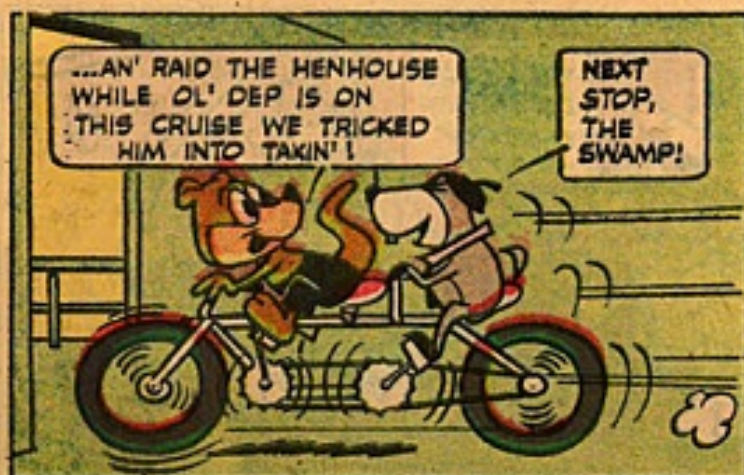
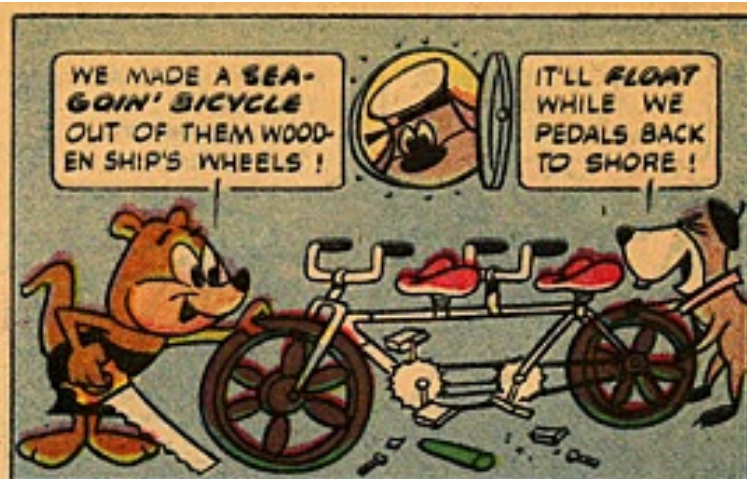
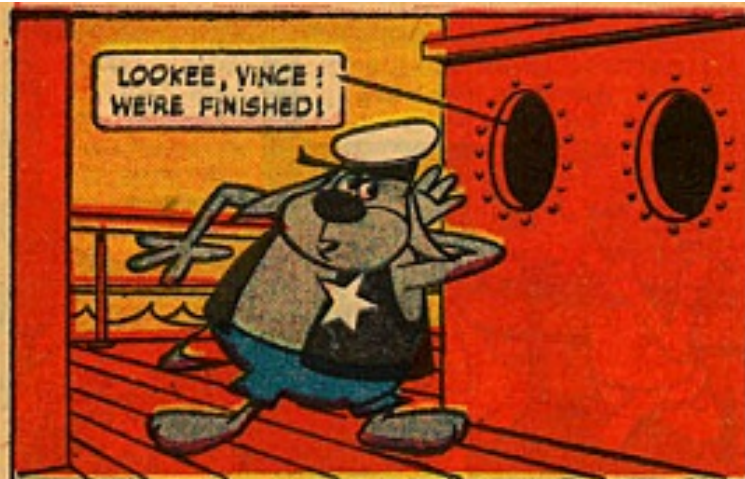














WHAT'S A SUMMER
CRUISE WITHOUT
DEEP SEA FISHING?

...BUT WATCH OUT FOR HECKLE AND
JECKLE UNLESS YOU WANT TO
GIT **HOOKEED**!



ALL THE BOATS
ARE **GONE**! NOW
I CAN'T GO DEEP
SEA FISHING!



DON'T DESPAIR,
CHUM! THERE'S
ONE BOAT
STILL HERE!



THE S.S.
GRUESOME
IS READY
TO SAIL!

WE
PROMISE
FISH

STEP DOWN
AND COME
ABOARD!



WHY DO YOU
KEEP IT **UNDER**
THE WHARF?

IT'S
COZY!

EXCLUSIVE!



BESIDES...OUR
CREDITORS CAN'T
FIND US!

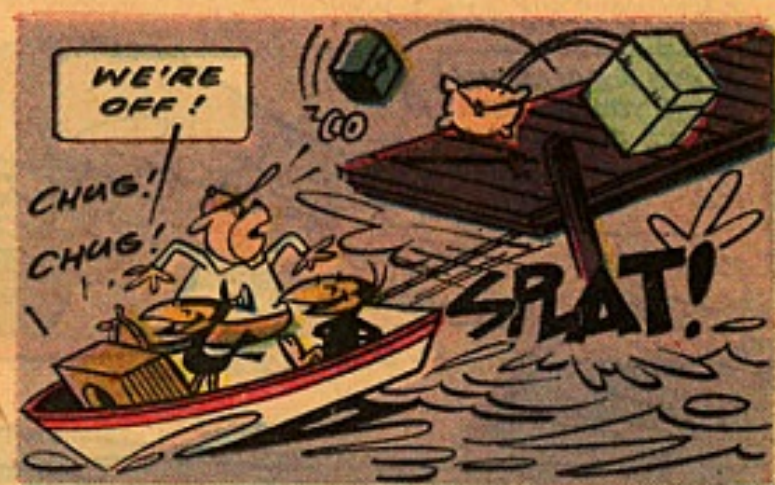
WHO WOULD WANT
THIS WRECK?



IT'S NOT MUCH TO
LOOK AT...BUT WE
COULD NEVER PART
WITH IT...**NEVER**!

SHIFF! SHIFF!





YEAH! NOW
WHERE CAN WE
TIE UP THE S.S.
GRUESOME?

ALL MY EXPENSIVE LINES,
REELS AND SPINNERS...**GONE!**



DON'T
WORRY,
CHUM! WE'LL
REPLACE
EVERYTHING!

...PROVIDING
YOU ACCEPT
BAMBOO POLES,
STRING AND
WORMS!



I WON'T ACCEPT IT! I CAN'T
EVEN ACCEPT THAT YOU'RE
DEEP SEA FISHERMAN!

OH, YEAH?
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF **THIS?**



THAT'S A **HUGE** FISH!
WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

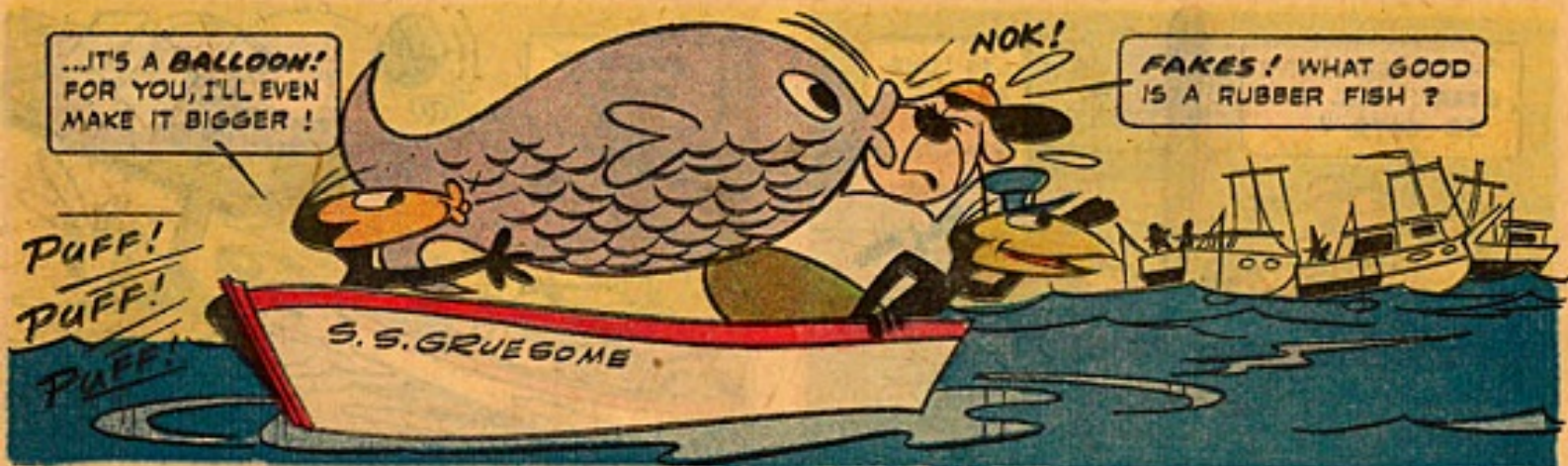
AT THE
FIVE-AND-
TEN!



...IT'S A **BALLOON!**
FOR YOU, I'LL EVEN
MAKE IT BIGGER!

NOK!

FAKES! WHAT GOOD
IS A RUBBER FISH?



PLENTY!
SEE THAT
CROWD?

IT MUST BE A GOOD
FISHING SPOT!



SO WHAT! THERE'S NO
ROOM FOR US!

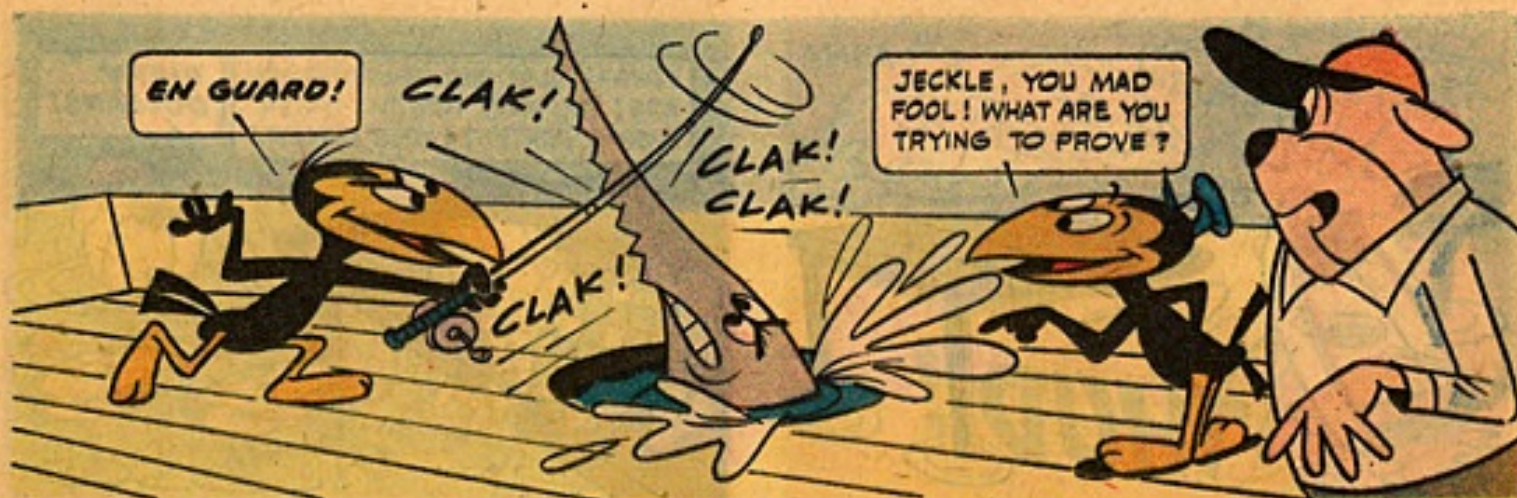
WE'LL **MAKE**
ROOM!

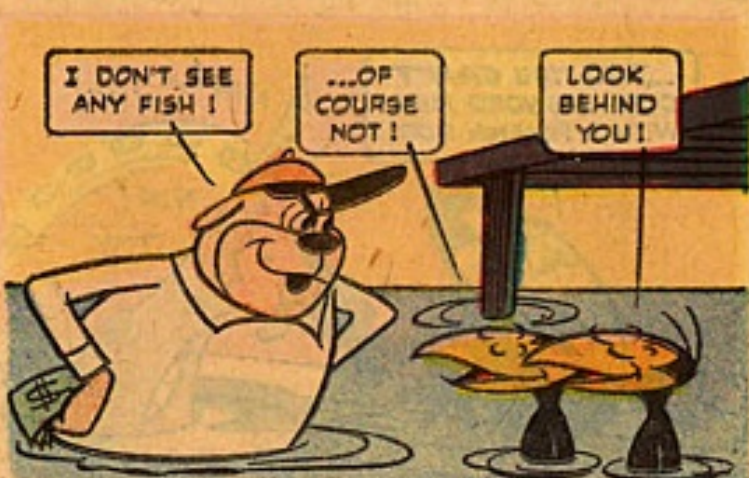
...**THUSLY!**













"MY BUDDY, CLINT CLOBBER COULDN'T GO ON A SUMMER CRUISE... BUT HE STILL GOT INTO PLENTY OF HOT WATER!"



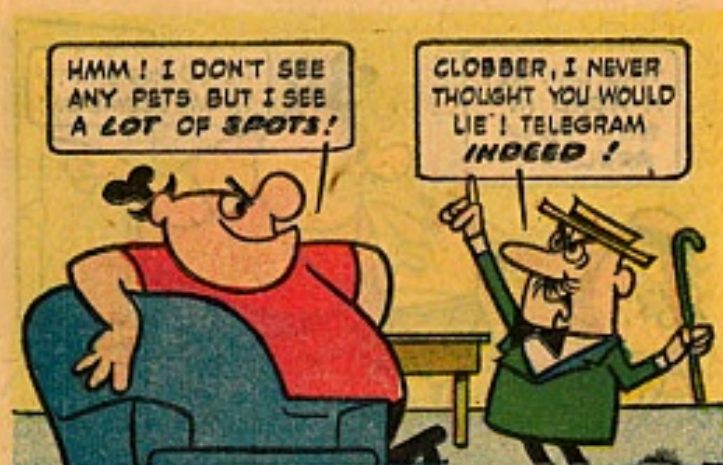
TELEGRAM, MR. FINFLIPPER!

COMING!



CLINT CLOBBER!

RIGHT, MR. FINFLIPPER! I'M MAKING A SPOT CHECK FOR PETS!



HMM! I DON'T SEE ANY PETS BUT I SEE A LOT OF SPOTS!

CLOBBER, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIE! TELEGRAM INDEED!



...BUT I DO HAVE A TELEGRAM FROM MR. FLAMBOYANT ORDERING ME TO KEEP PETS OUT OF THE BUILDING... ESPECIALLY YOUR PERFORMING SEAL, ALVIN!

CRUEL MAN!



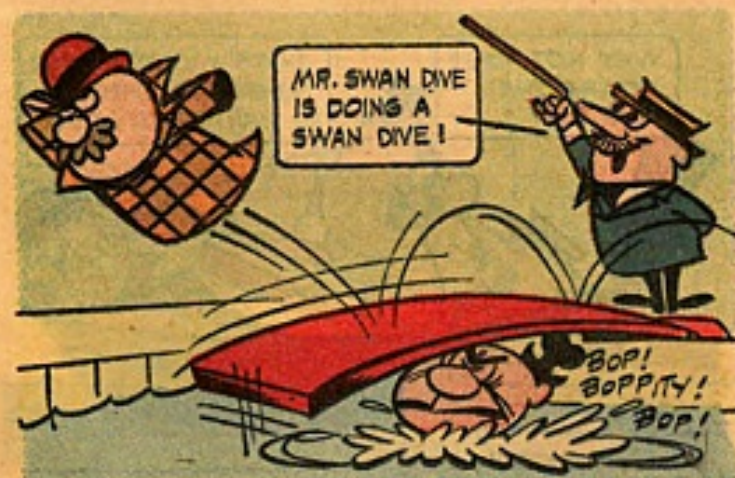
BELIEVE ME, MR. FINFLIPPER, I DON'T LIKE THIS TELEGRAM ANY BETTER THAN YOU!

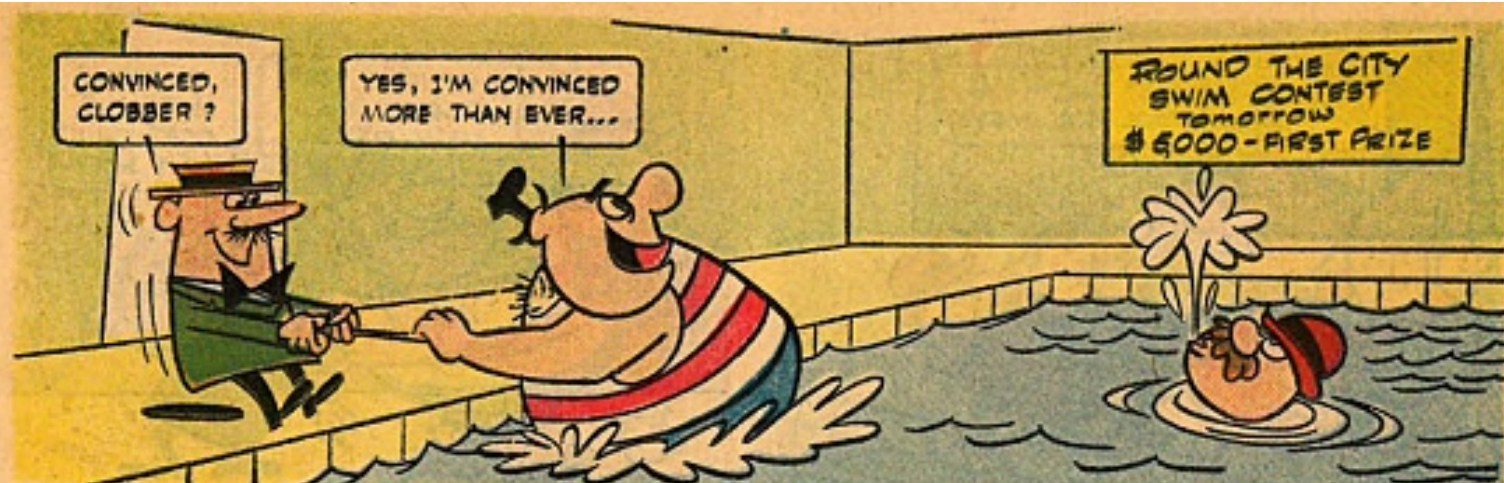


HE SENT IT COLLECT!

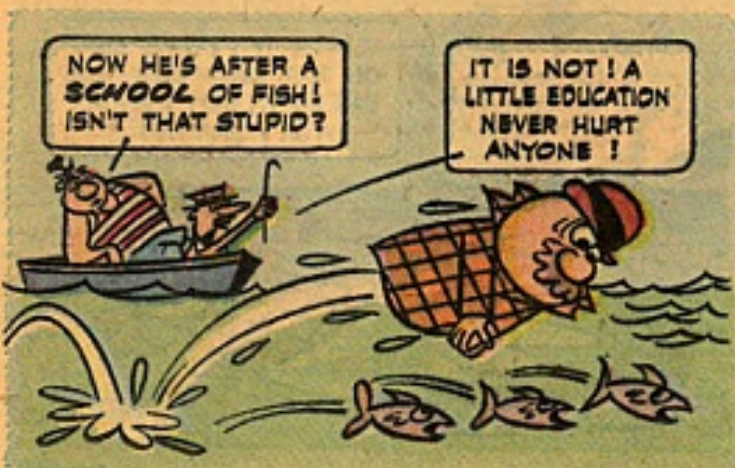
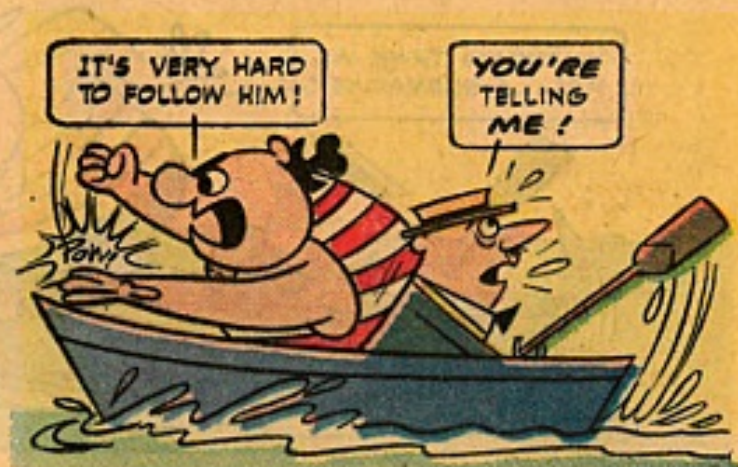
MR. FLAMBOYANT HAS WON! I BROKE UP THE ACT! ALVIN IS NOW DOING A SINGLE.... PROBABLY AT THE NORTH POLE!



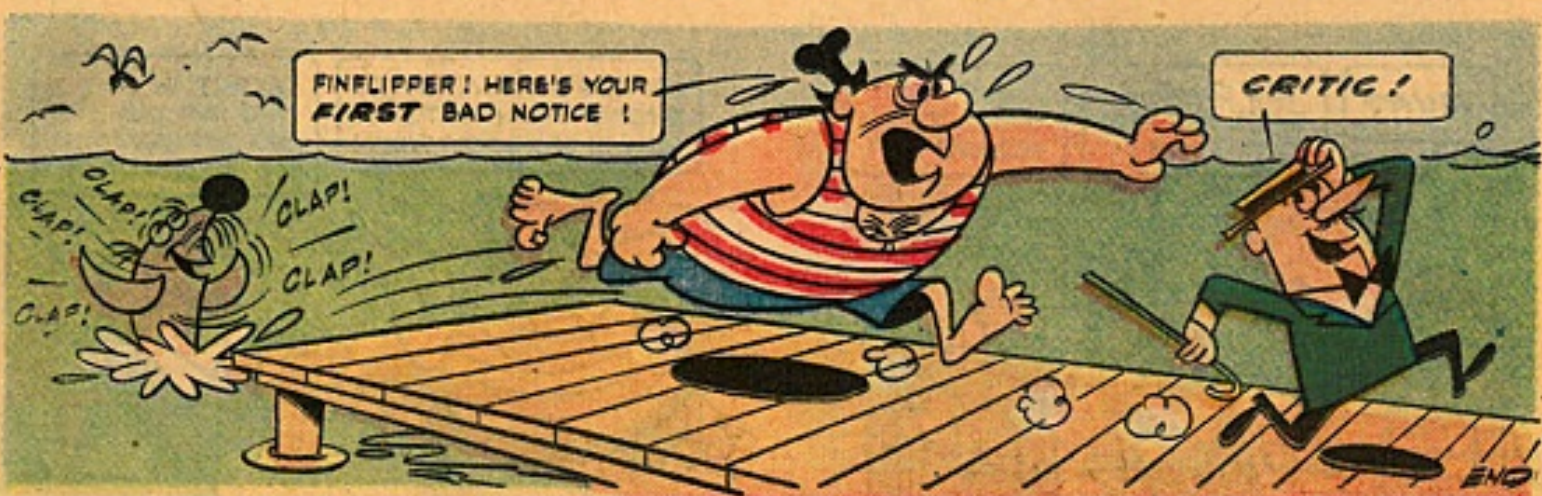


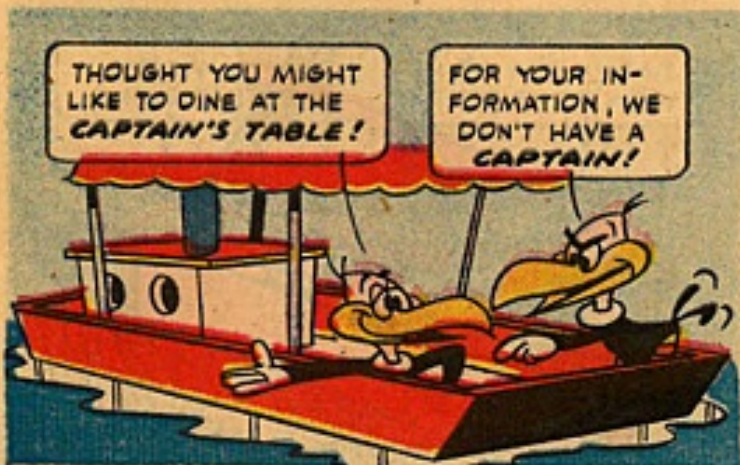


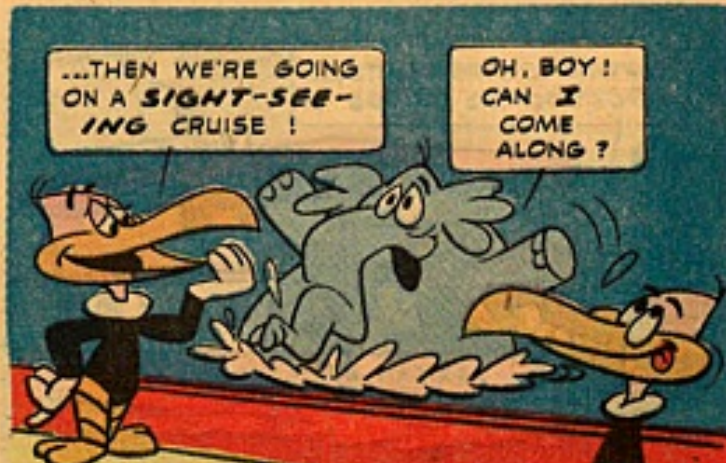
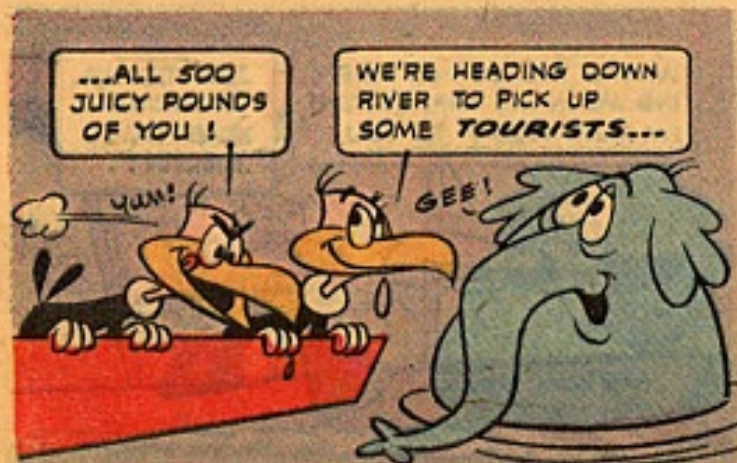
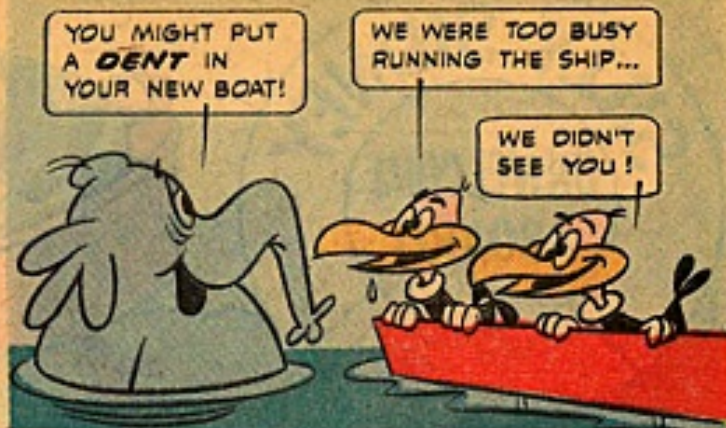
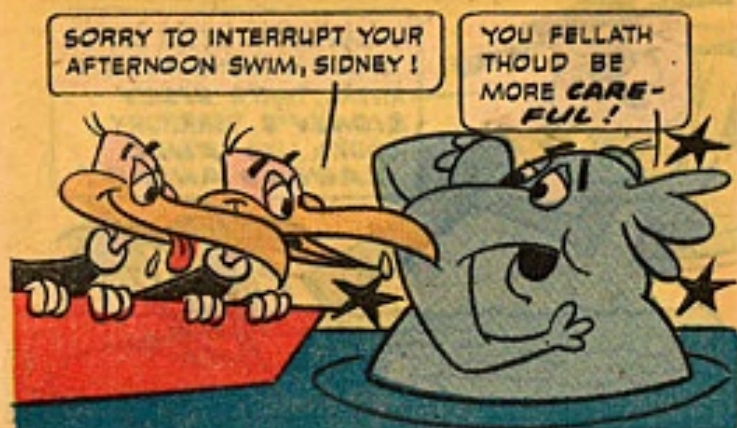


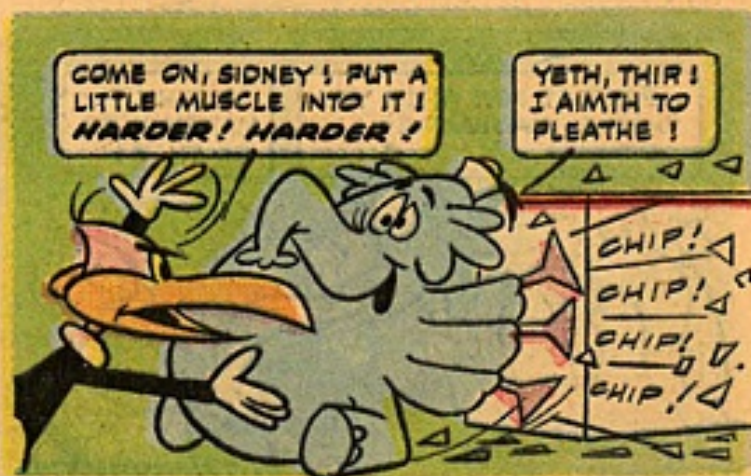
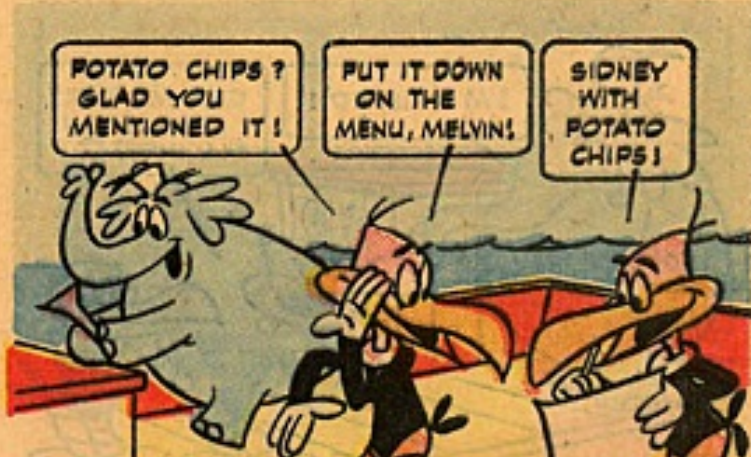
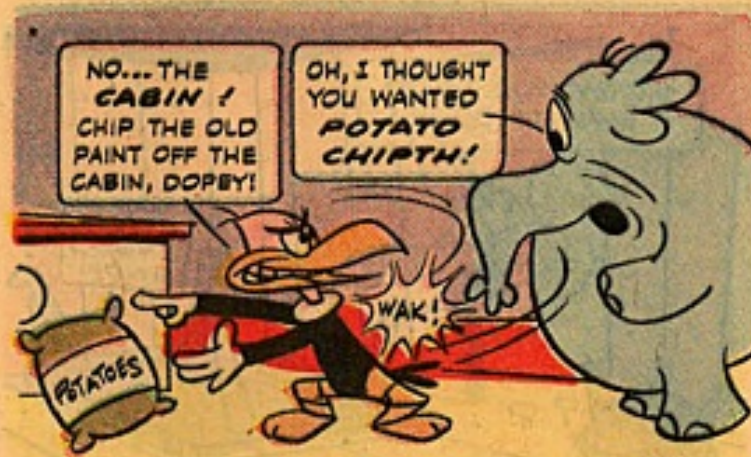
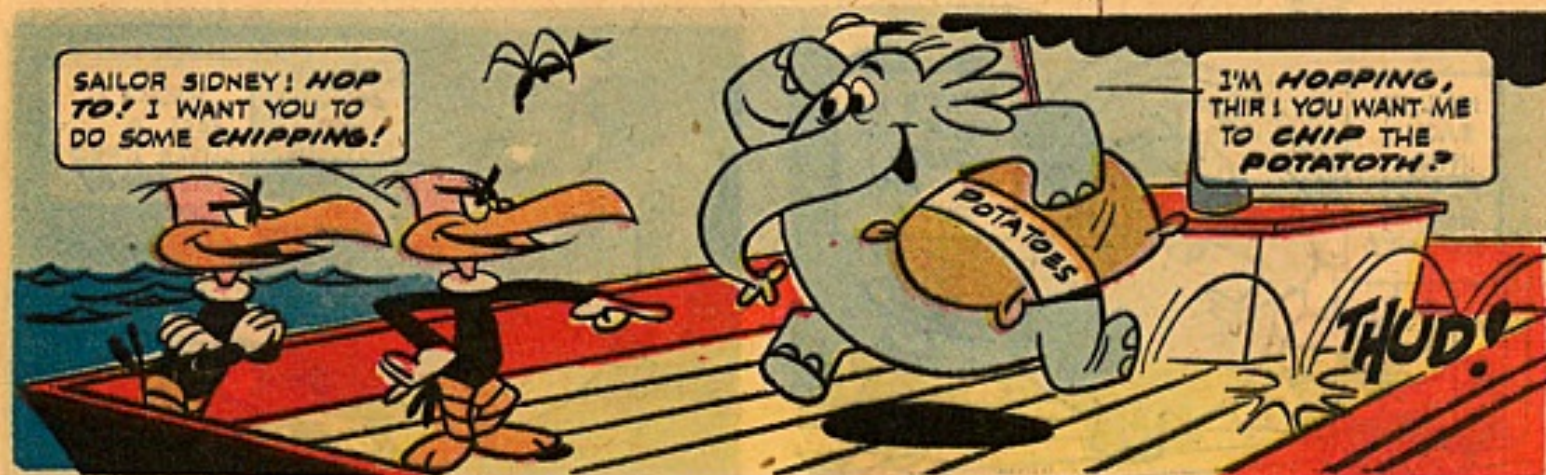


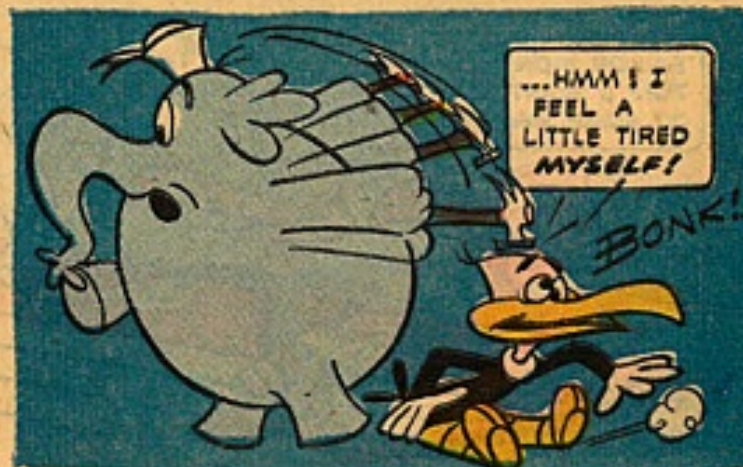
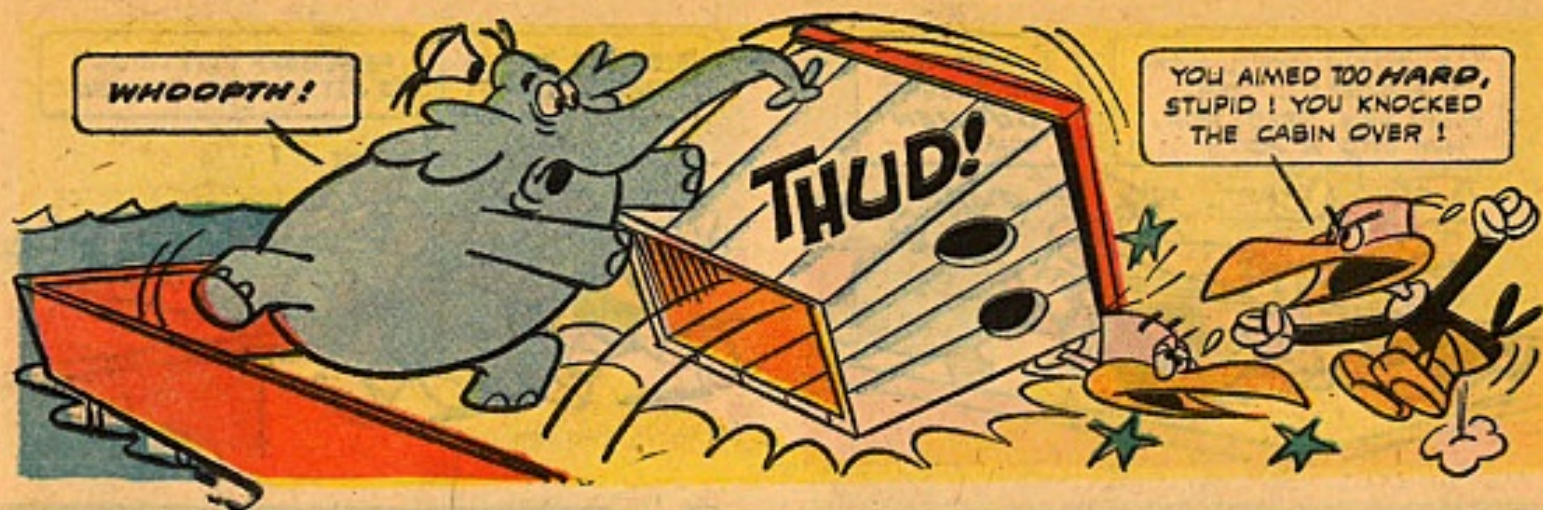


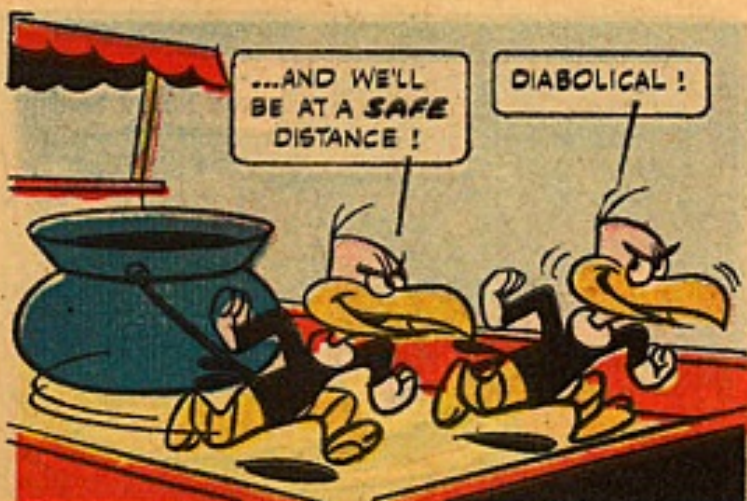
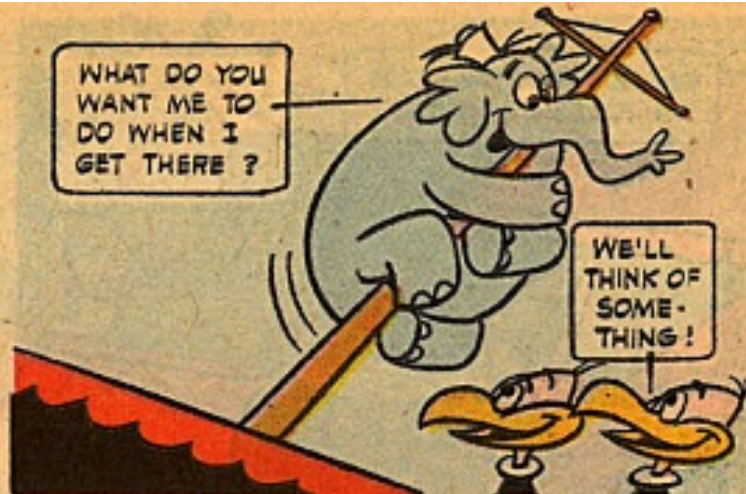


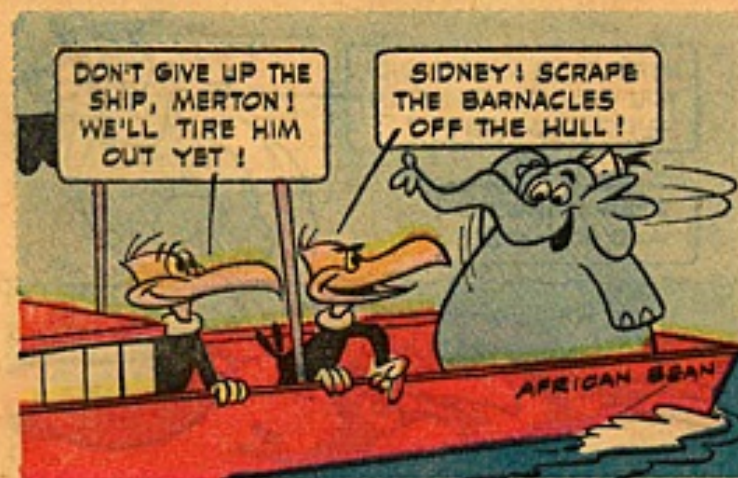
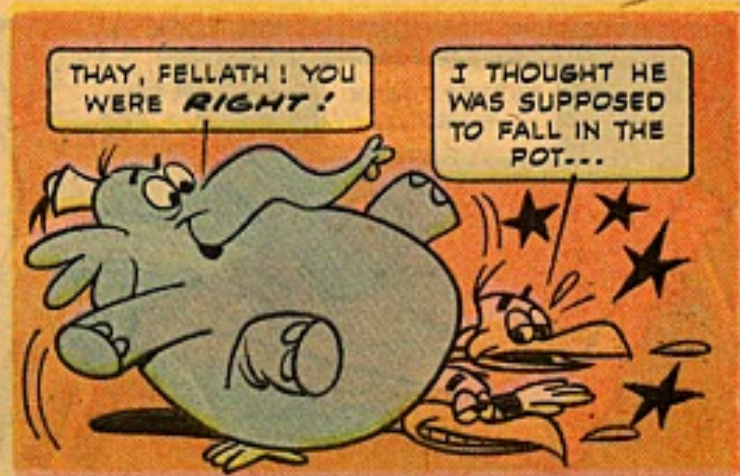
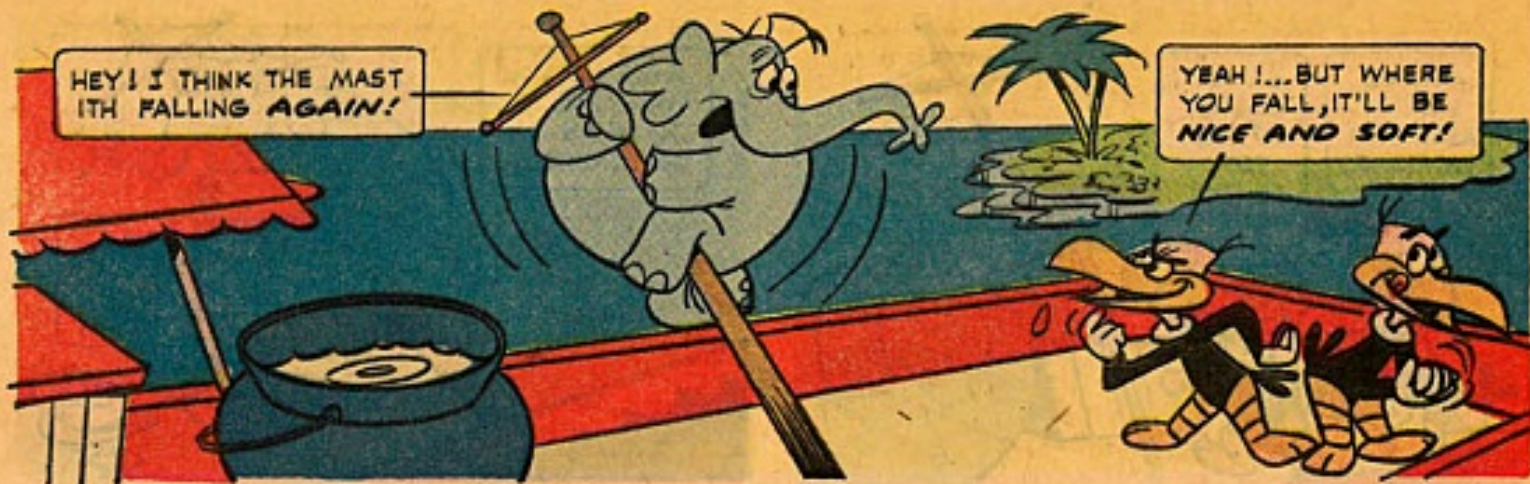












THAT'LL **REALLY** TIRE SIDNEY
OUT...THEN WE'LL LAUGH AT
THE INCONVENIENCES...

...OVER A
BIG
DINNER!



WHA...HEY!
I THOUGHT
YOU'RE
SCRAPING
BARNACLES!

THAT' TH TRUE...BUT ITH
HARD TO THEE UNDER WATER!



THERE MUTH BE
AN **EATHIER** WAY!

DIDN'T I ASK YOU
TO STOP NAGGING?
GET BACK TO WORK!



...I HATE TO BE BOTHERED
WHILE I'M PUTTERING
AROUND THE KITCHEN!

ESPECIALLY BY
THE **MAIN**
DISH!



YOW!



WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF
FLIPPING
OVER THE
SHIP?

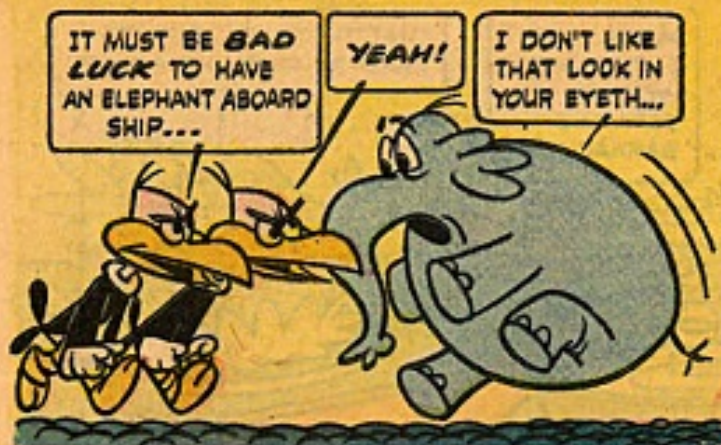
THEE ? I TOLD YOU THERE
WUTH AN **BATHIER** WAY !

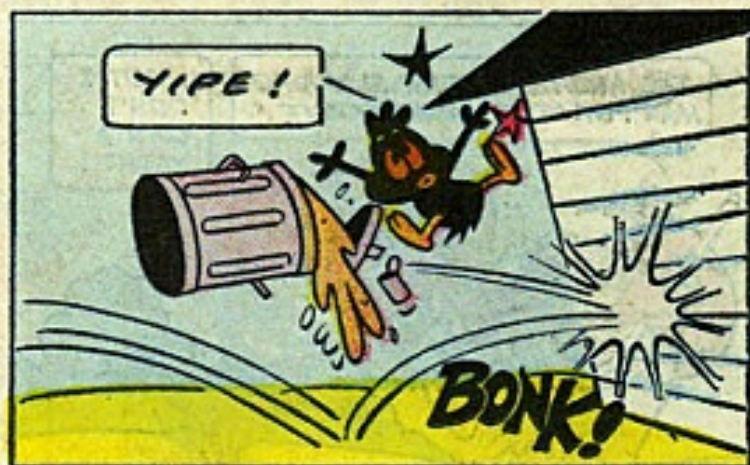


NOW I CAN
THEE WHAT
I'M DOING!

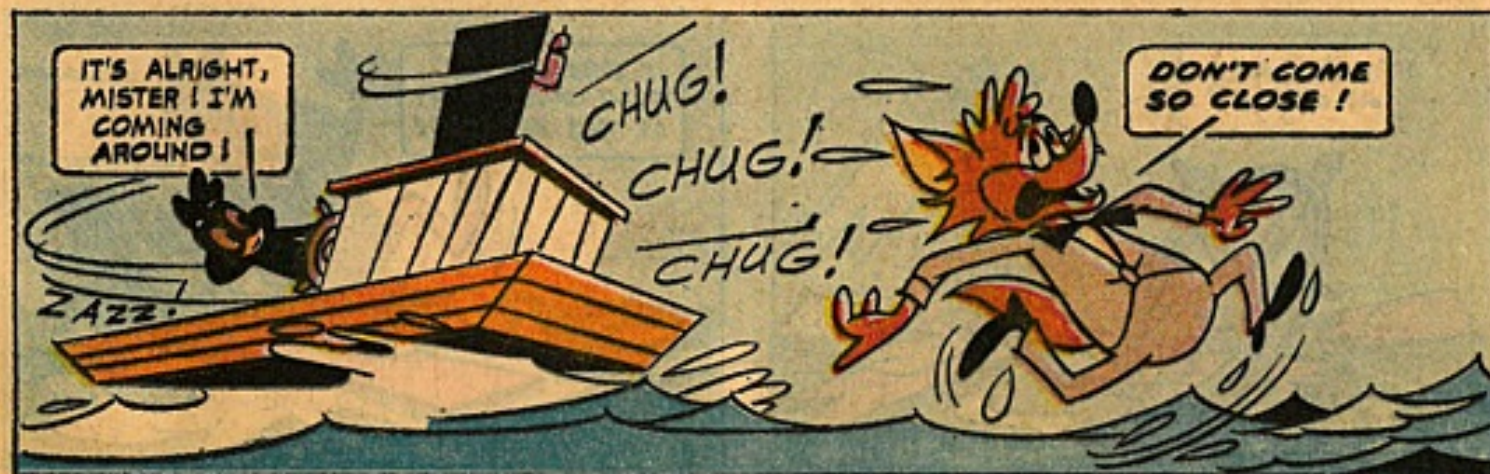
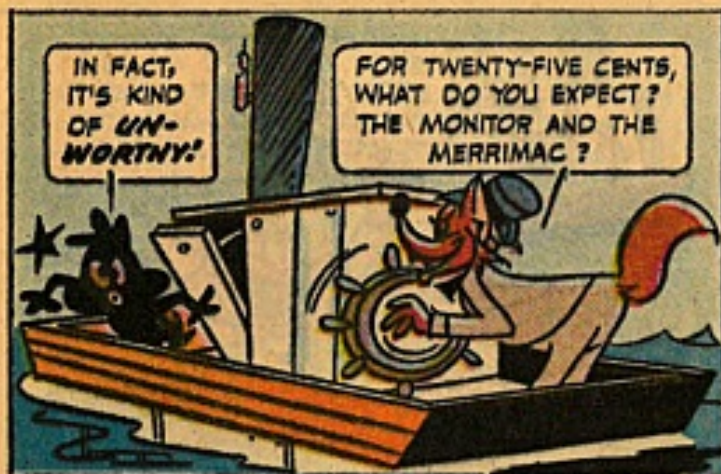
(GROAN!) **HOW** CAN WE
PICK UP THE **SIGHTSEERS**?

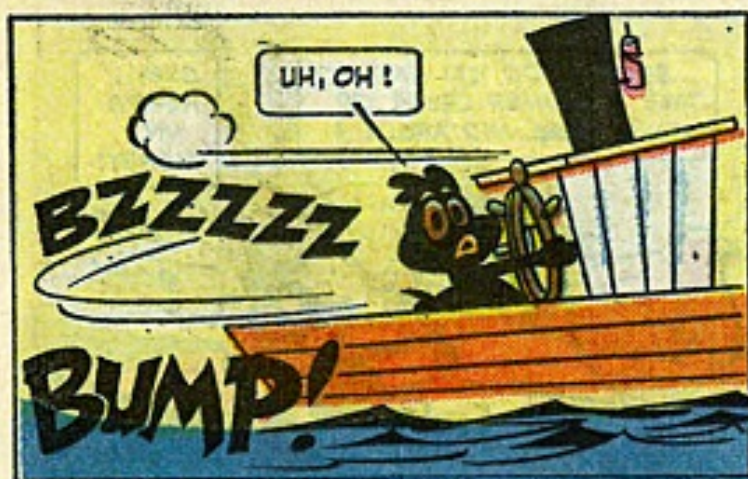


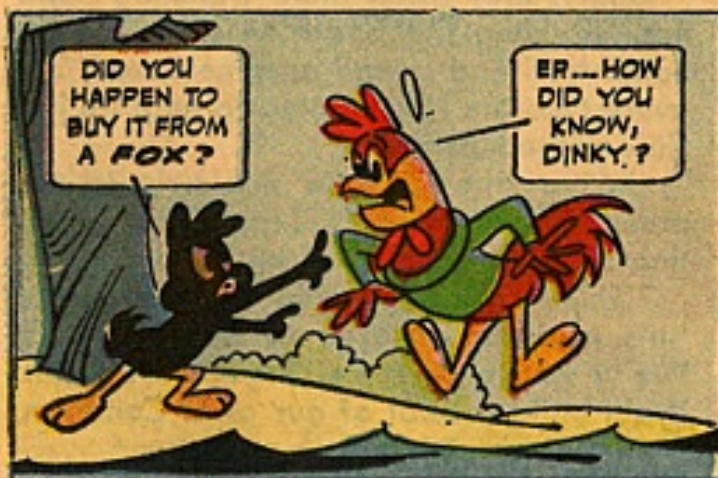












The Experts



It was early one morning that the bear twins looked out of the window just in time to see a big truck stop in front of the house.

"Jeepers," said one of them. "That truck must be delivering something to our house. Wonder what it is?"

"A load of lumber," chuckled a gruff voice behind them. They turned around to see Papa Bear standing there. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Lumber?" said one of the twins. "Gosh, Papa, don't tell me you're going to start another one of those do-it-yourself projects?"

"I certainly am," said Papa Bear proudly, as he stepped into the yard to watch the men unloading the lumber. "This is going to be my biggest project yet. I'm going to build a boat!"

"A boat!" gasped one of the boys. "Gosh, Papa, can we help?"

Papa Bear patted him on the head fondly. "Sorry, little man, but I'm afraid not. You boys don't know anything at all about boats. You'll just have to leave it all in Papa's hands."

"Oh, well," said the twins, "We'll just wait until Papa starts putting the boat together. He's sure to change his mind."

The next day they were up bright and early ready to do anything they could. Papa Bear was already busy building the boat frame. Quickly, the twins picked up a long piece of lumber and began to carry it toward their father. They should have been a bit more careful because one end

of the board caught poor Papa in the middle and left him gasping for air.

"Gosh, Papa," said one of the kids. "We only wanted to help."

"Best way you two can help me is to stay out of the way," grumbled Papa Bear as soon as he could catch his breath. "You kids don't know anything at all about boats. Now, just stand aside and let me work."

Sadly, they stood there watching Papa Bear building the boat. All day long he hammered and sawed and measured, but every time the kids wanted to help he just shooed them away.

"What a pal," said one twin to the other. "Papa's a real kill-joy! He's not letting us have any fun at all."

"This is a crisis," said the other twin. "It's bad for children to be frustrated. We've got to do something! I know what! We'll build a boat of our own! Come on, we'll get the lumber."

As they hurried out of the yard, Papa Bear chuckled. "Just wait till those kids find out how expensive lumber is! Ha, ha!"

But half an hour later the kids came trotting back to the yard carrying a large packing case.

"The manager of the supermarket gave it to us," grinned one of the twins. "And he's got plenty more where that came from."

Within an hour the yard was filled with crates, boxes and cases of all sizes and descriptions.

"I've got to hand it to you kids," said

Papa. "But surely you don't expect to build a boat of that junk?"

"Oh yes, we will," said the kids stubbornly. "You just watch us, Papa."

Papa Bear smiled to himself as the kids began to saw and hammer away! At least it kept the twins out of his hair while he did the really important work on his boat.

By the next day Papa had his boat all finished and mounted on rollers. All he had to do was push it down the hill toward the lake.

Proudly he walked over to check on what the twins had built.

"Good grief," said Papa Bear. "You call that a boat? You've got that wood slapped together every which way! Why, it looks like a big raft!"

The boys were just nailing up the mast of their boat—it was an old broom handle.

"Now look, boys," said Papa Bear. "What you need is some advice from an expert boatbuilder, namely me!"

The kids just smiled politely and said, "No, thank you, Papa. This boat is our project! You wouldn't let us help you, so we'll just finish this boat ourselves."

Papa Bear grinned as he walked away. "Spunky kids!" he thought. "Oh, well, they're better off learning by making their own mistakes."

That afternoon he rolled his boat down to the lake and launched it. Then, as the boys watched, Papa Bear hauled out a big chain and fastened the boat to the dock.

He turned to the boys and smiled. "That chain is to prevent any pesky kids from sneaking a ride on my boat," he said.

The boys knew just who he meant. "That's all right, Papa," said one of them. "We know when we're not wanted. Anyway, we're going to launch our own boat soon."

It was a little while later that Papa Bear saw the boys launching their homemade raft. With an old hammock nailed to the broomstick for a sail, they were heading across the lake.

"Think they're pretty smart," chuckled Papa Bear. "Well, I'll show them what a real boat looks like."

He hurried down to the dock and

hopped into his new boat.

Everything worked perfectly. With a turn of the key the motor started and the boat took off!

But Papa had forgotten to unchain the boat from the dock! And when that boat came to the end of the chain . . . WHAM!

The stern came off, but the rest of the boat kept going. For about fifty feet, that is! Then Papa Bear's boat sank to the bottom.

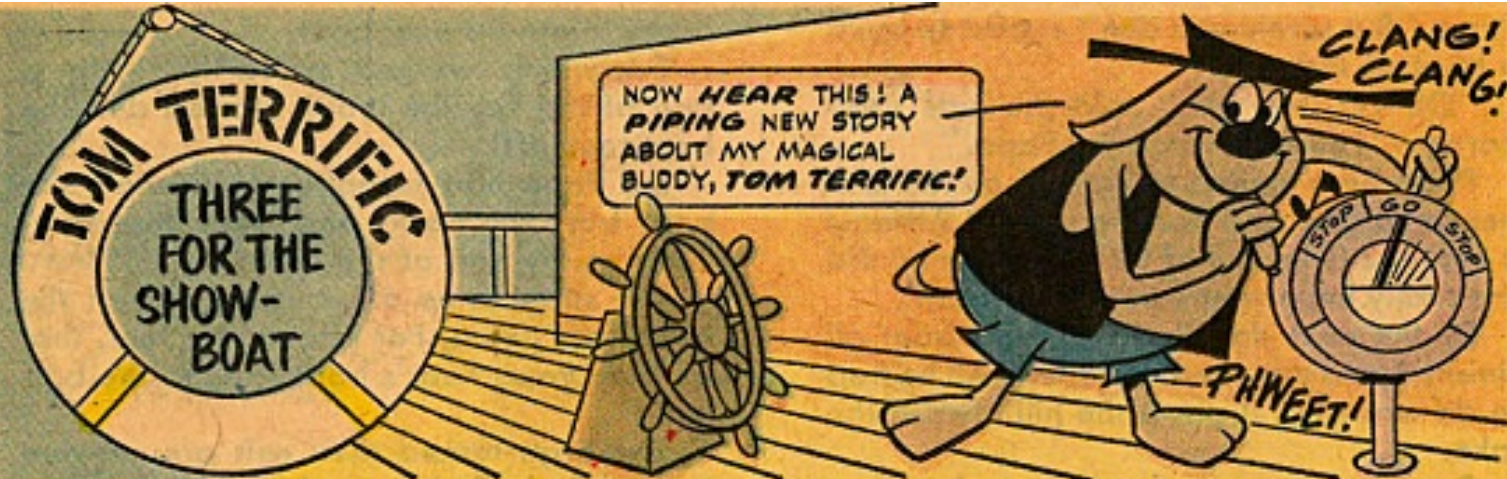
The boys turned their raft around and helped Papa Bear out of the water. "Too bad," said one of them, "and it was such a pretty boat, too. Made by an expert, they tell me."

Papa groaned. "I guess I'll have to start all over again from scratch."

"What you need is expert advice from a couple of experienced boatbuilders!"

Papa Bear grinned in spite of himself. "Boys, you're hired!" he said.

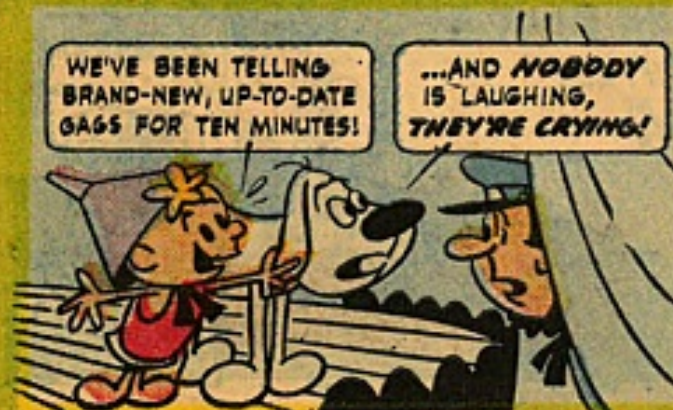






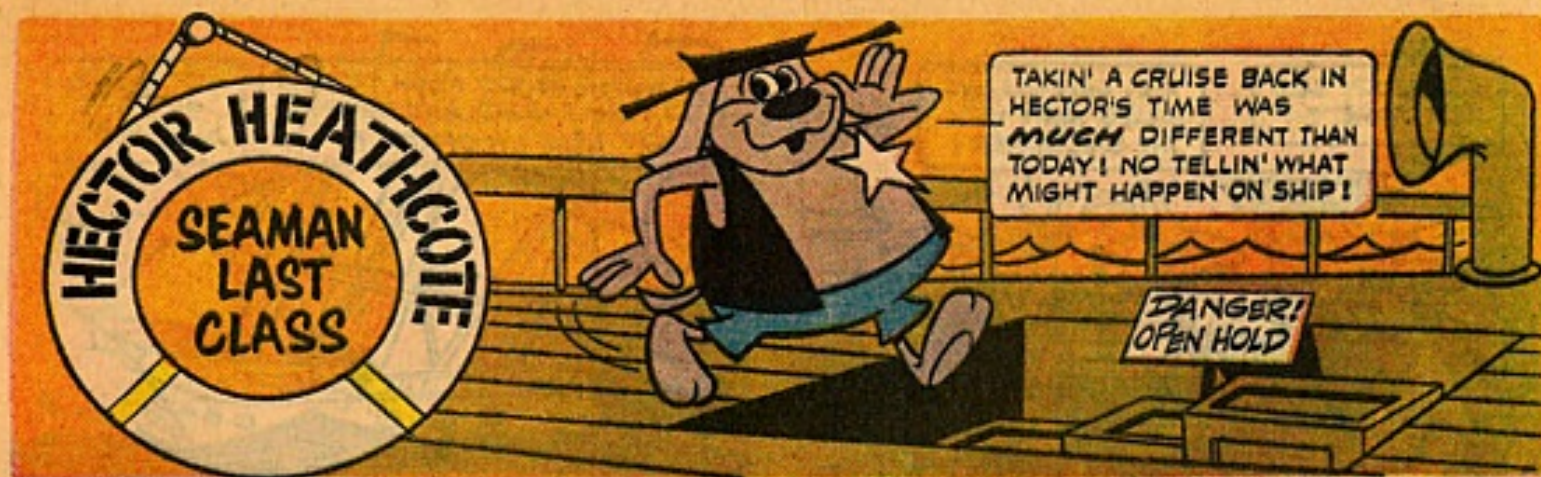








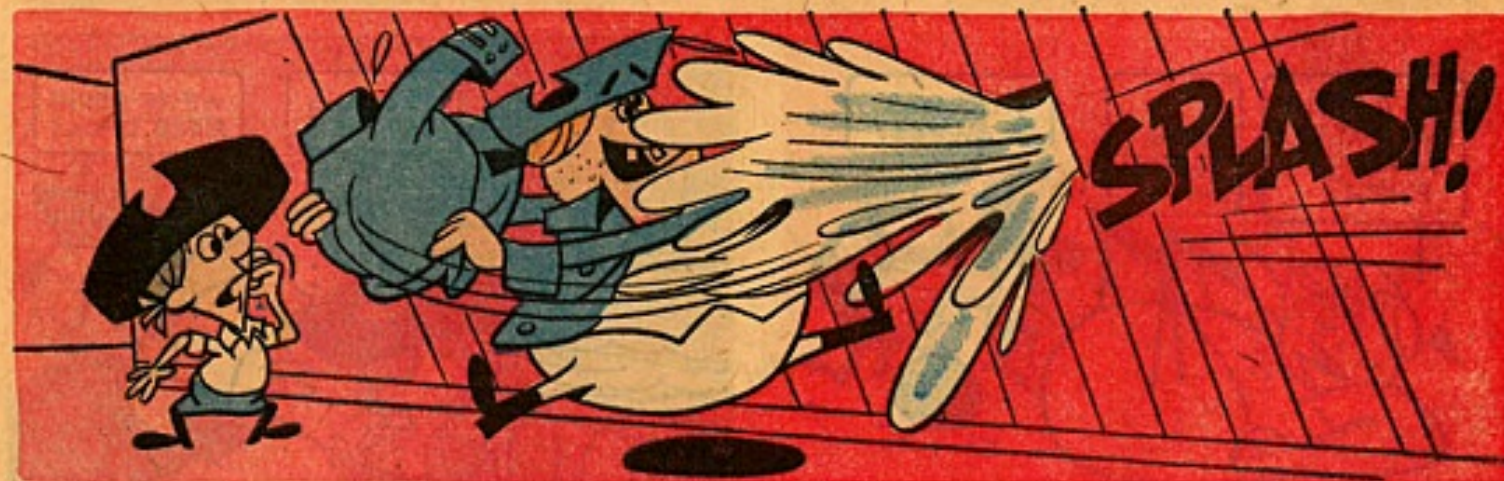


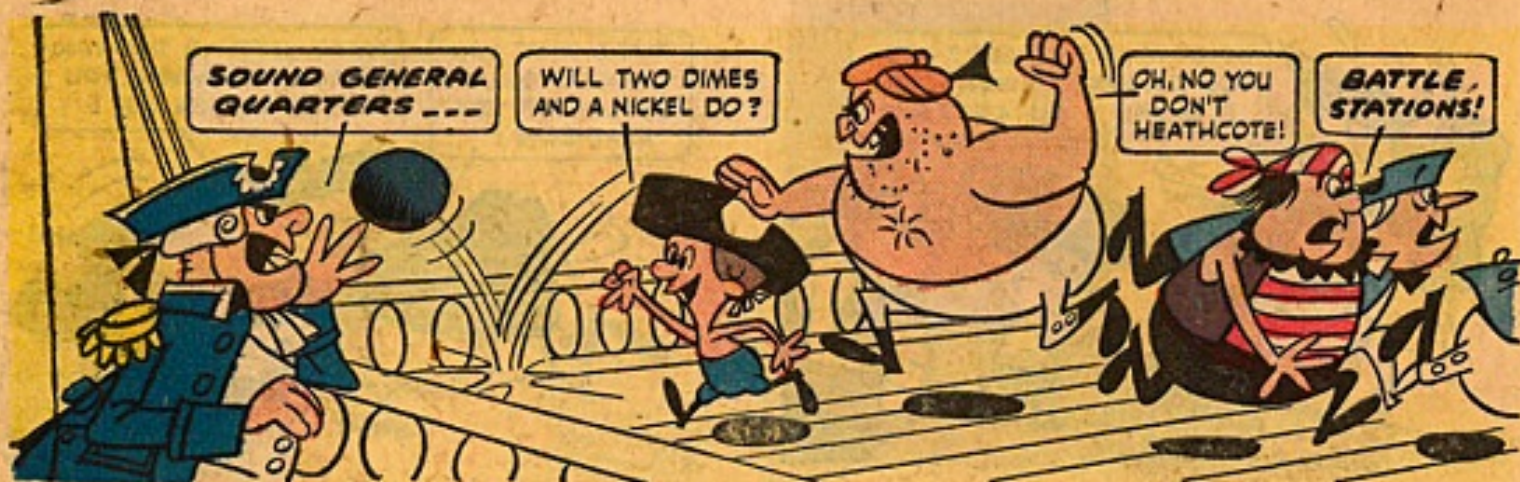
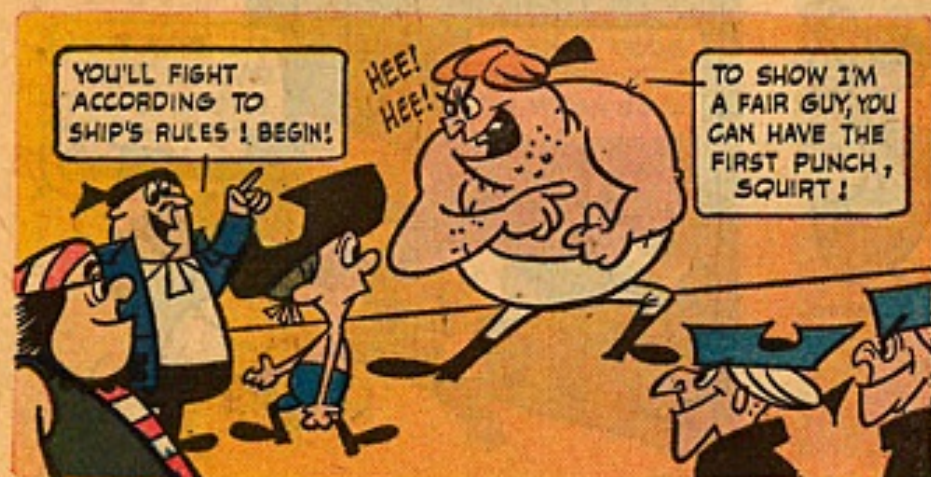


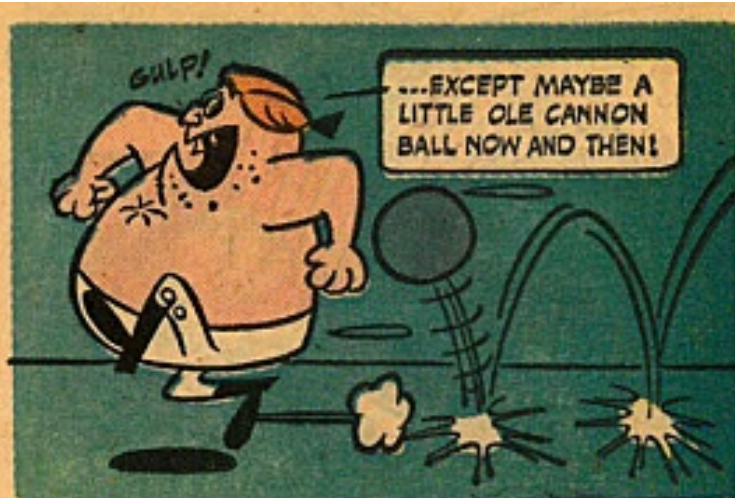
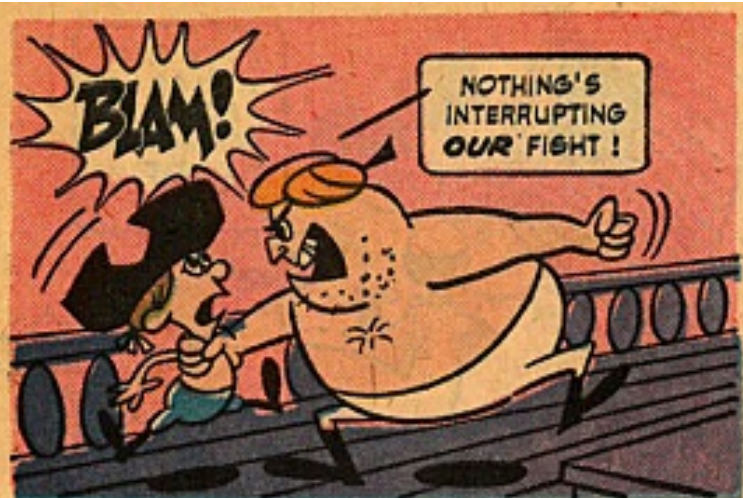


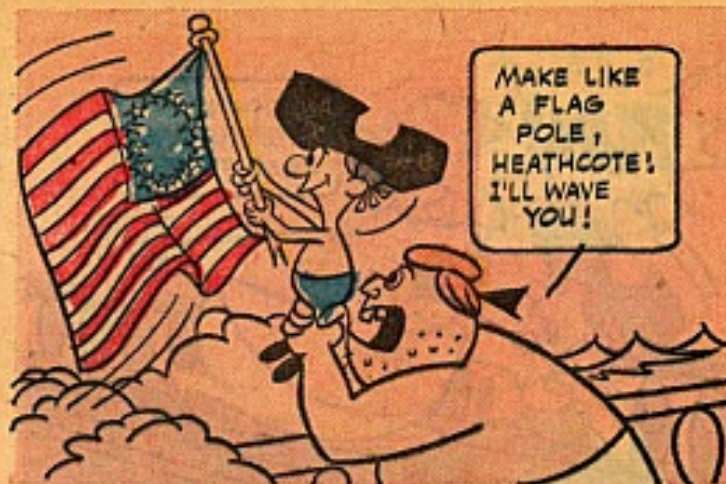
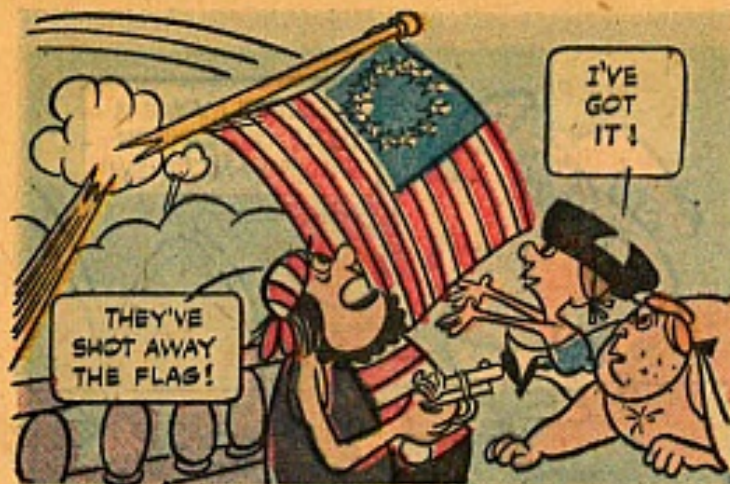






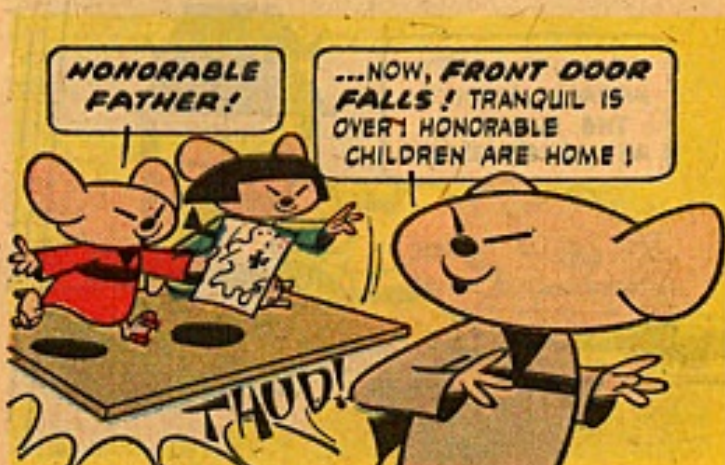
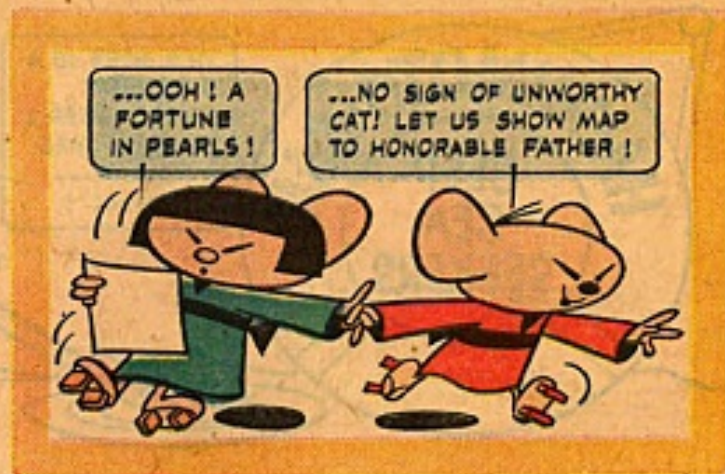


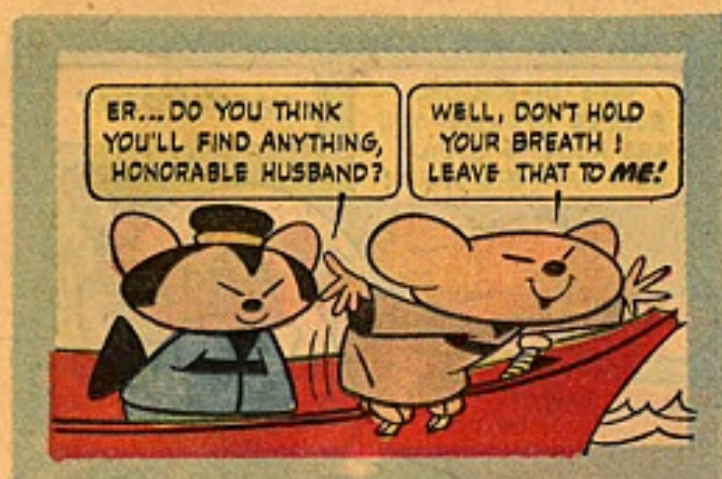




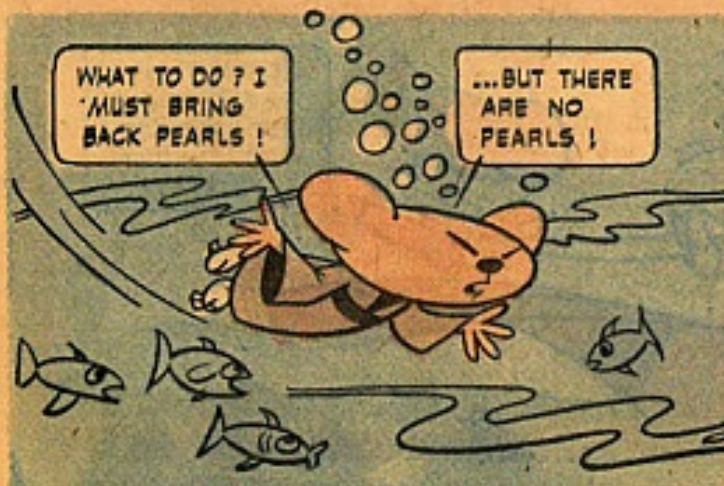
THE END











NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, YOUNG MAN...BUT I MUST BORROW YOUR MARBLES!

HEY!



WAH! SOMEBODY SWIPED MY MARBLES AND SWAM AWAY!

...WHICH WAY DID HE GO?



WHAT'S KEEPING HASHIMOTO?

...HERE I AM, DESPICABLE CAT...WITH YOUR (AHEM!) PEARLS!



WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THESE PEARLS!

...HOW COME SOME ARE YELLOW, BLUE AND GREEN?

...ER THEY ARE COMING OUT IN PASTEL COLORS THIS YEAR!



YOU HAVE WHAT YOU WANTED, SCOUNDREL! NOW, LEAVE US IN PEACE!

NOT SO FAST! I HAVE PLANS FOR HASHIMOTO! NASTY PLANS!



IF I DON'T MAKE YOU WALK THE PLANK, I'D REALLY BE A THIRD-RATE PIRATE, HUH?

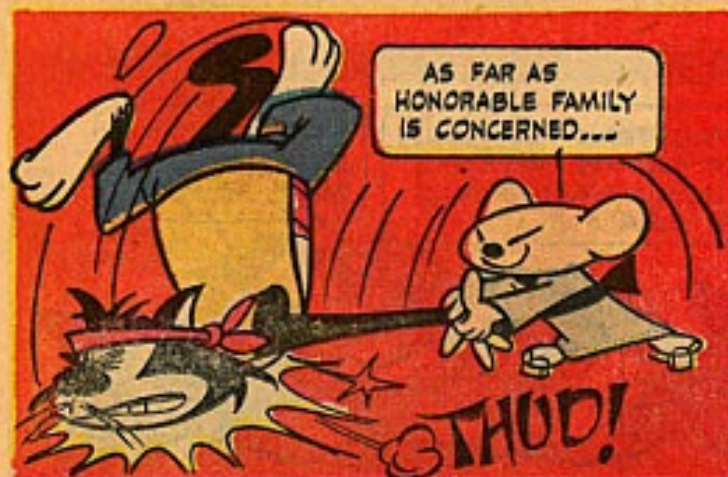
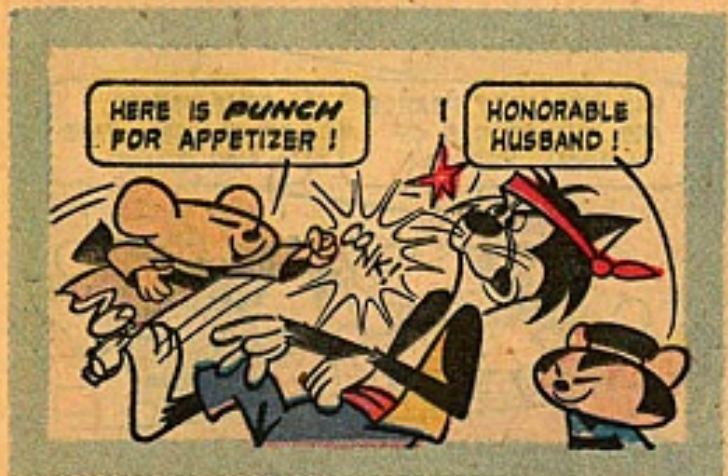
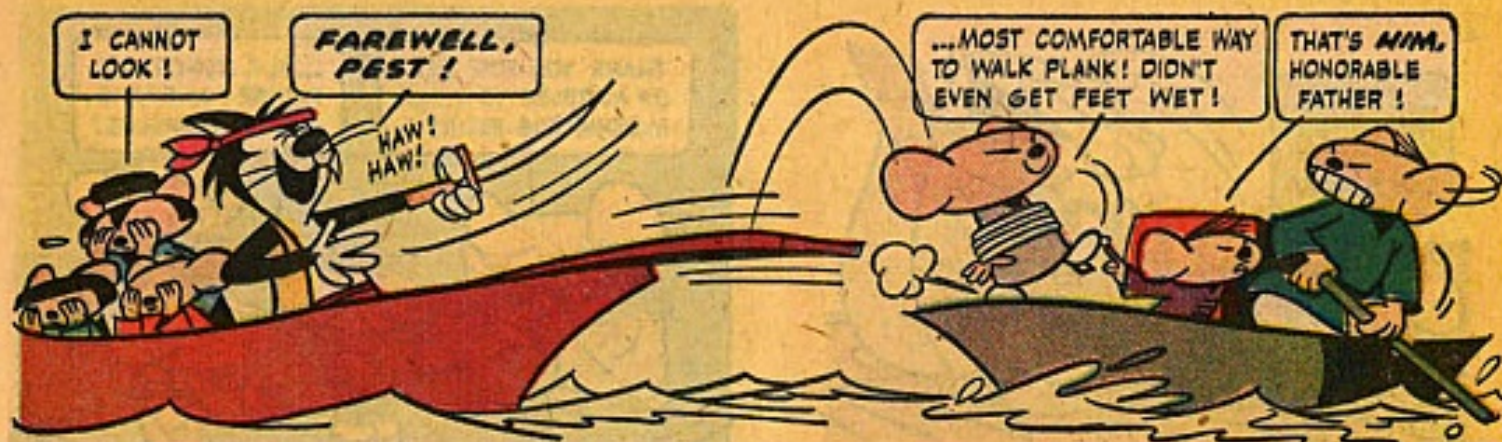
I ANSWER YOUR QUESTION! YOU ARE THIRD-RATE PIRATE!

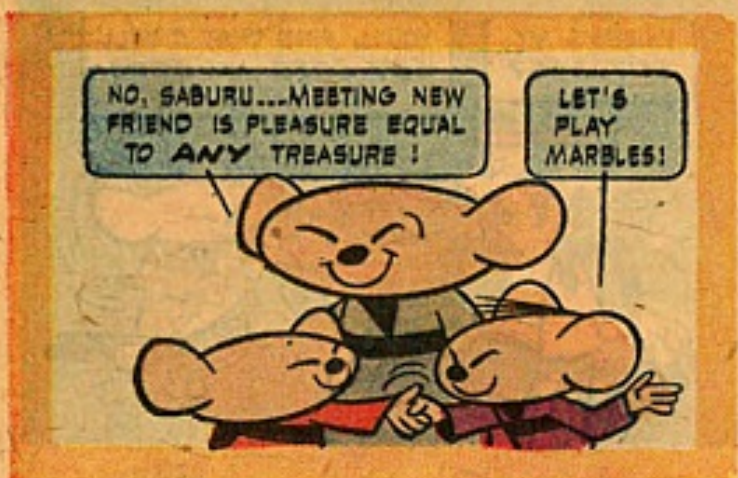


THE POINT OF WALKING THE PLANK IS FOR YOU TO FALL IN!

OUCH! AM OBLIGED TO PUT BEST FOOT FORWARD... UNDER PROTEST!









BETTER HIDE AND
HOLD YER EARS,
FOLKS !

...THOSE TWO SCRAPPIN' PALS,
ROQUEFORT AND PERCY, ARE
GETTIN' SET TO **HOWL** !

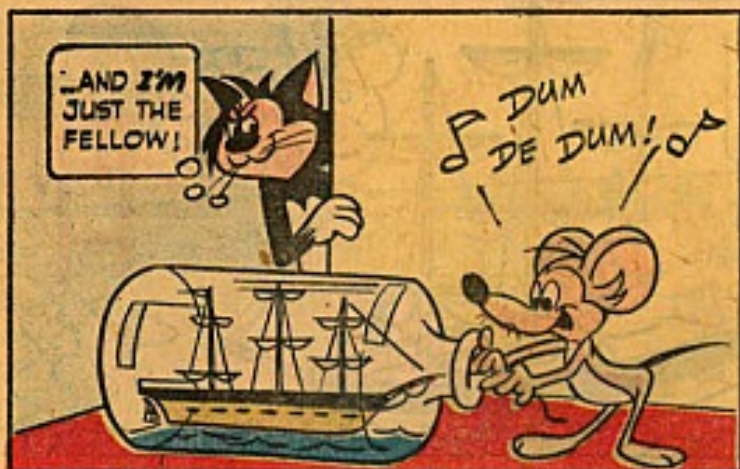


WOW ! J. PIERPONT MUDHEN,
WEALTHY COLLECTOR OF TRIVIA AND
KNICK KNACKS, IS LOOKING FOR OLD-
TIME **SHIPS IN BOTTLES** !



"...WILL
PAY
CASH !"

GEE ! A FELLOW WHO COULD
PUT HIS HANDS ON SUCH AN
ITEM STANDS TO MAKE A
HEFTY PROFIT !



...AND I'M
JUST THE
FELLOW !

♪ DUM
DE DUM ! ♪



...YES, MR. MUDHEN ! DROP BY MY
HOUSE AND I'LL BE **HAPPY** TO SELL THE
RARE SHIP IN A BOTTLE I'M IN POSSESSION OF !



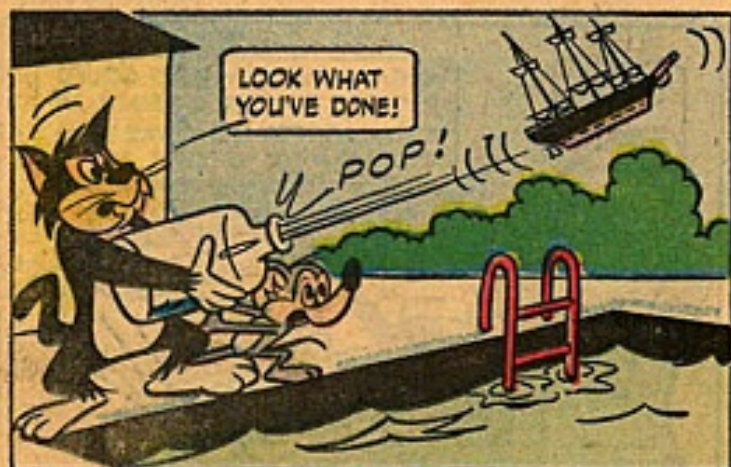
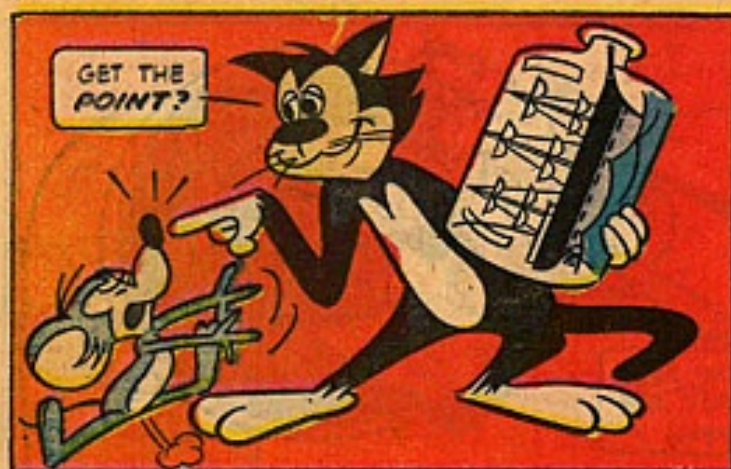
...AND I'M **TAKING**
POSSESSION RIGHT NOW !

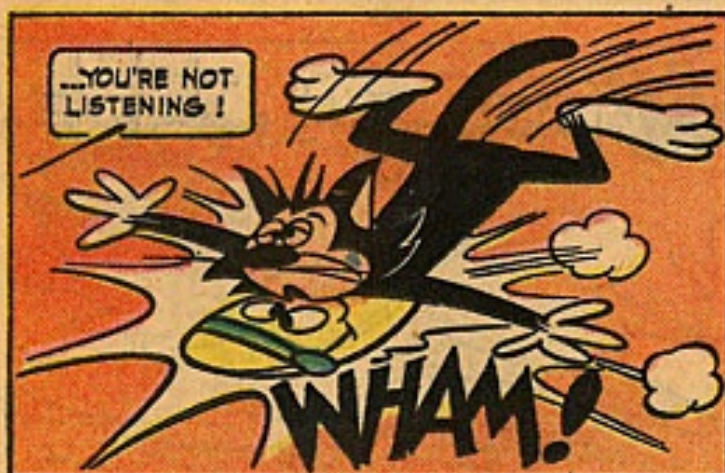
NO, YOU DON'T ! I
HEARD
THAT CALL !

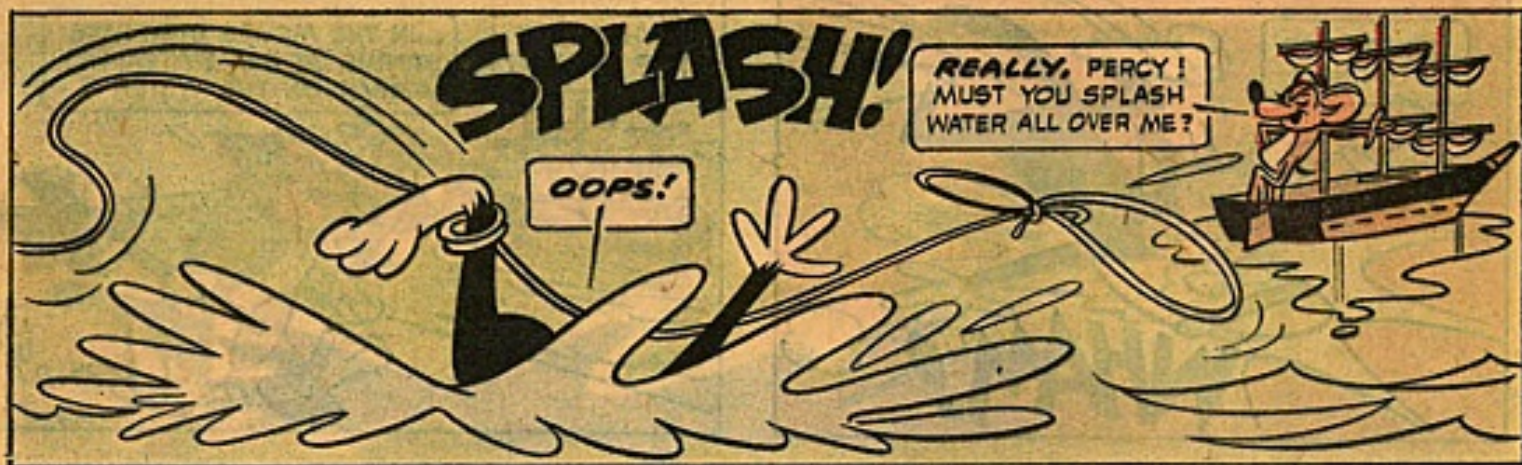
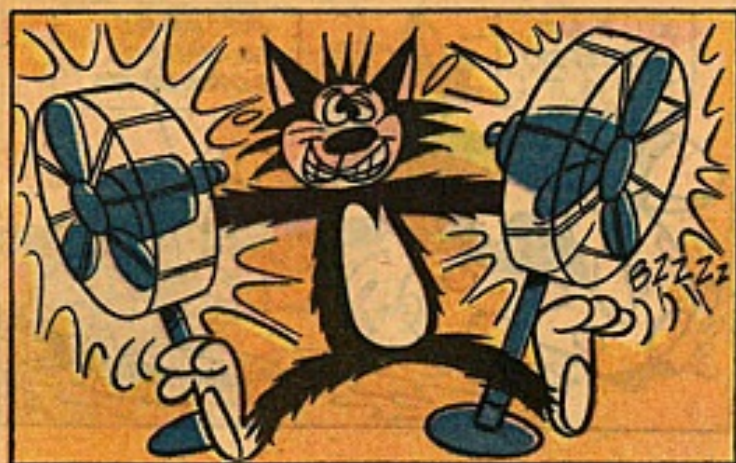


YOU'RE
NOT
SELLING
MY SHIP !

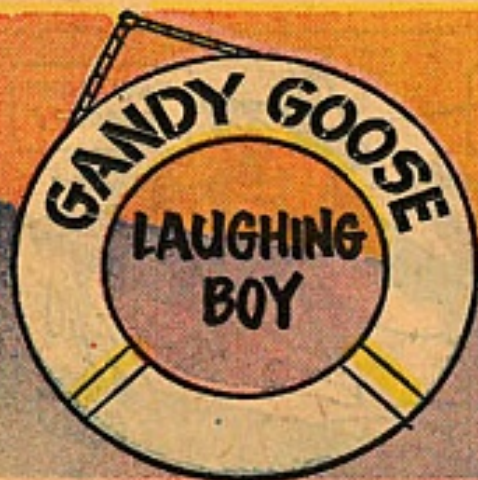
...THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK,
ROQUEFORT ! POSSESSION IS
NINE POINTS OF THE LAW !

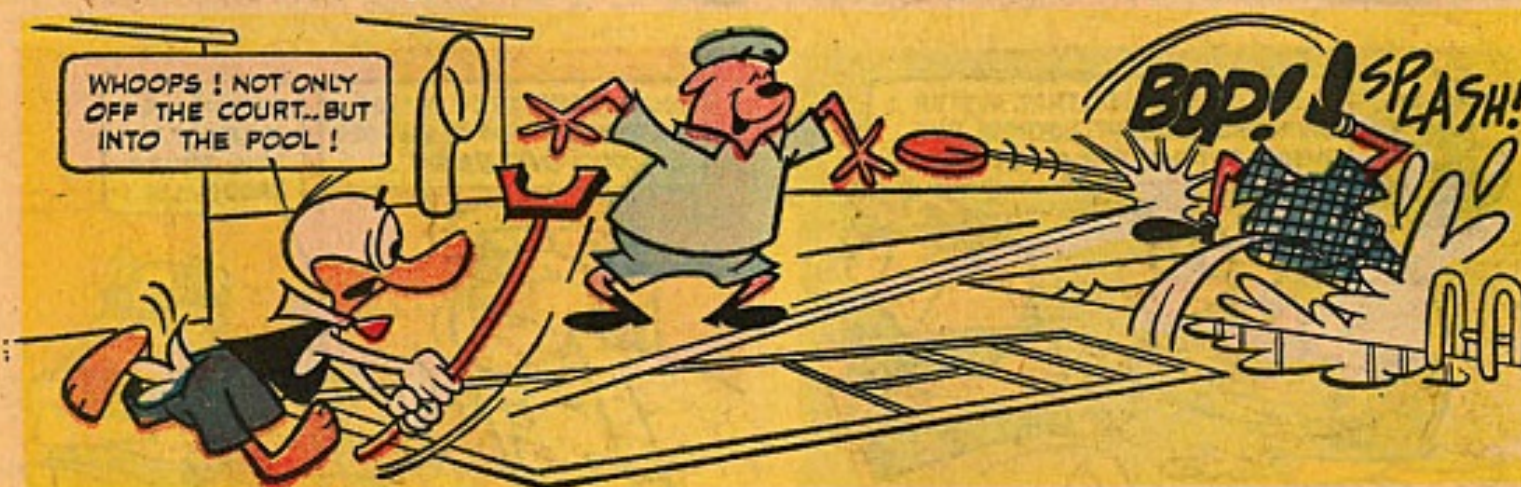
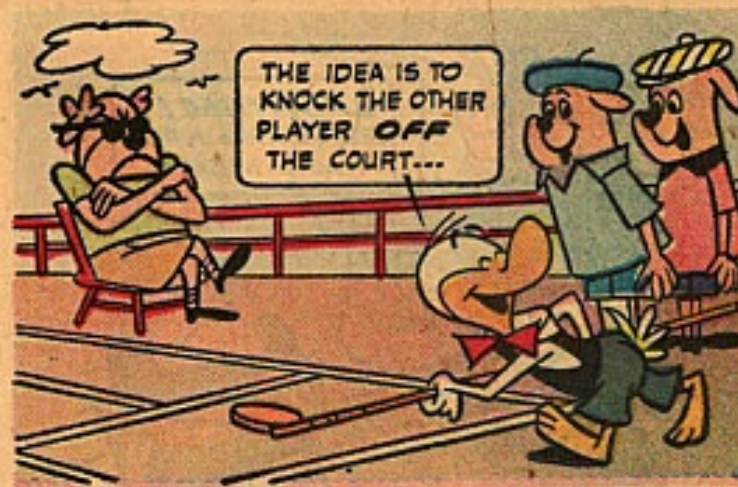
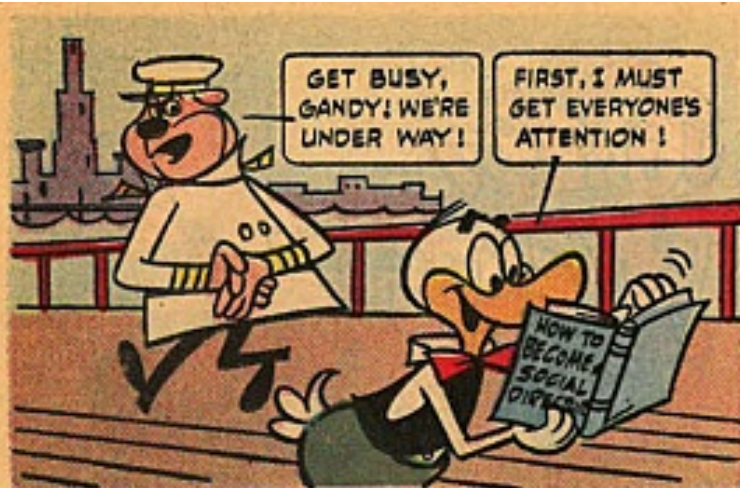


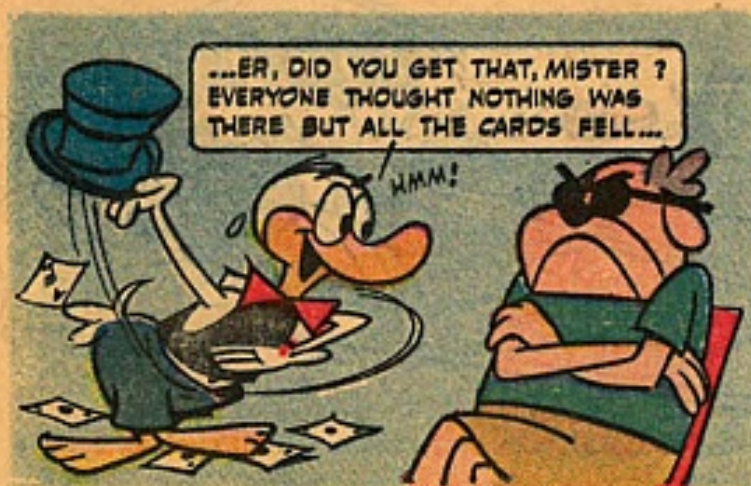
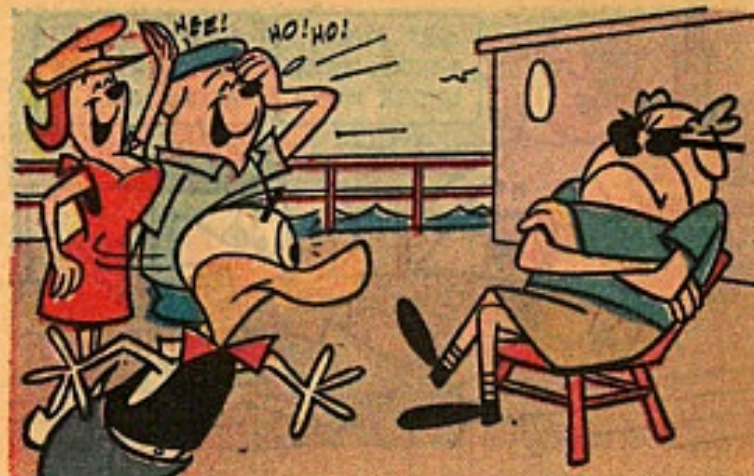


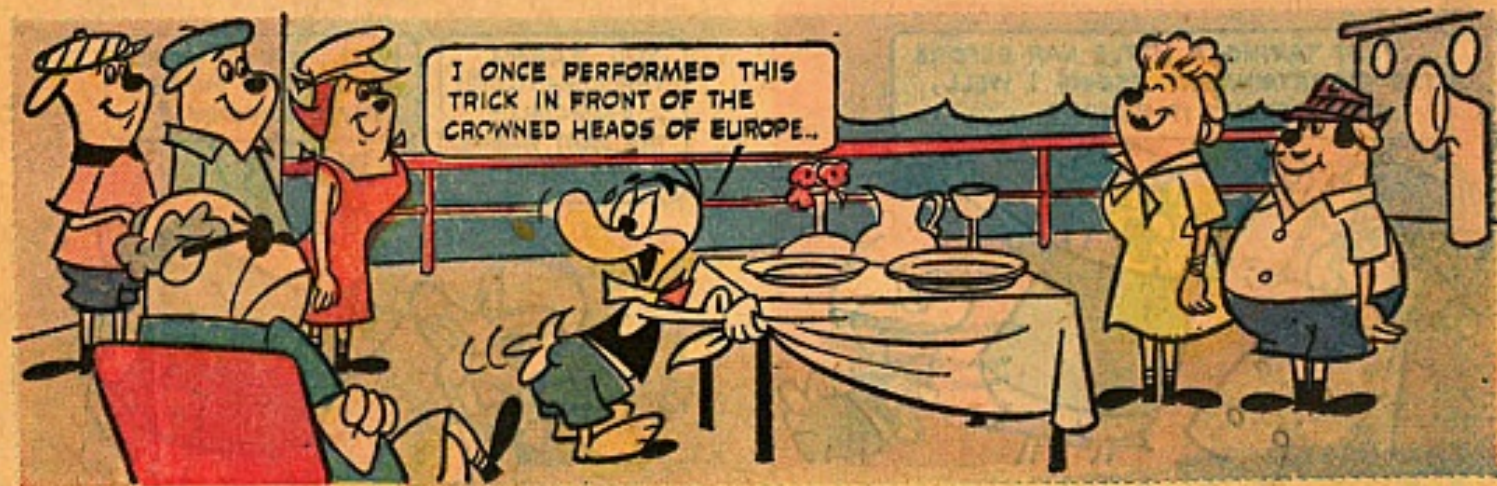
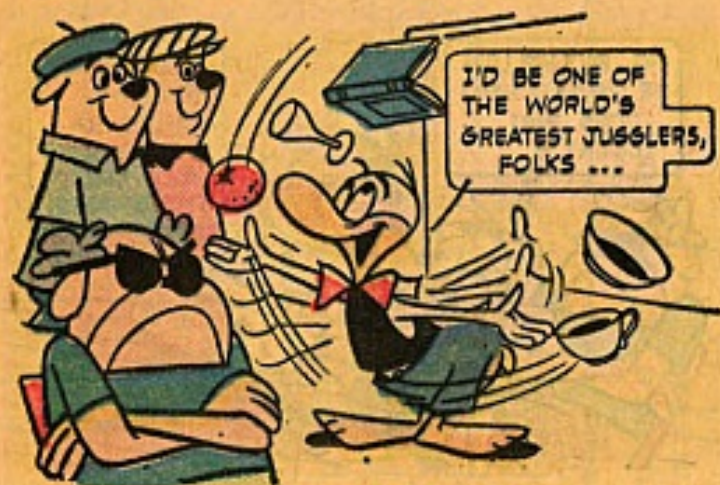














THE END



NOTHIN' LIKE A
SPIN AROUND
DECK ON ONE OF
THESE LUXURIOUS
LINERS!

SURE IS A FAR
CRY FROM THE
"DINAH BELLE"!

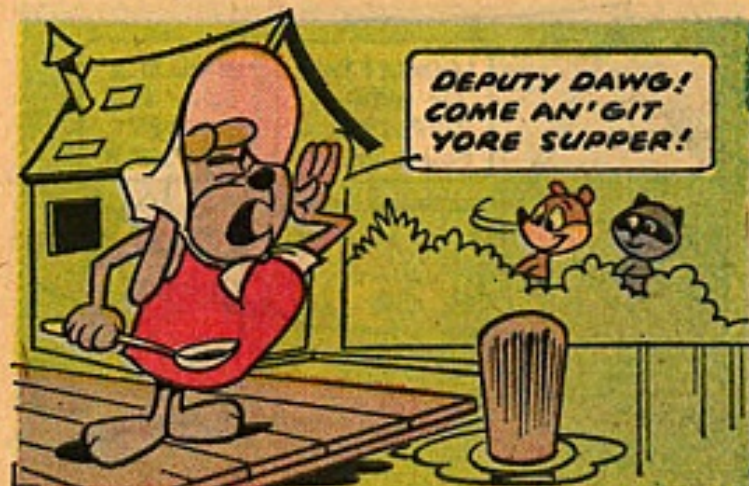
OUCH!



THERE WAS HARDLY ROOM
ENOUGH TO STAND, LET ALONE
STRETCH OUT, BUT I DID
MY BEST...

ZZZZZ

DINAH BELLE



DEPUTY DAWG!
COME AN' GIT
YORE SUPPER!



HERE I
COMES,
MRS.
DEPUTY!

YOU'RE *NOT*
DEPUTY
DAWG! YOU'RE
MUSKIE!



I CAN *PRETEND*
THAT I'M GONNA GULP
DOWN THEM TASTY
VITTLES, CAIN'T I?

TOO MUCH *PRETEND-*
ING HAIN'T GOOD
FER A BODY!



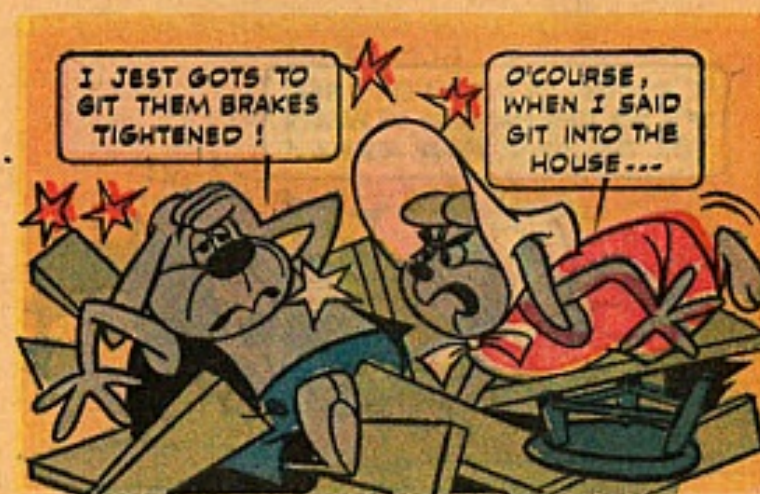
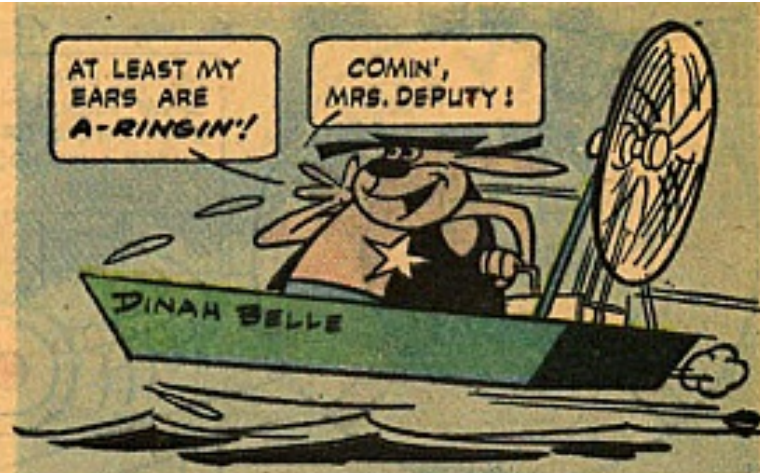
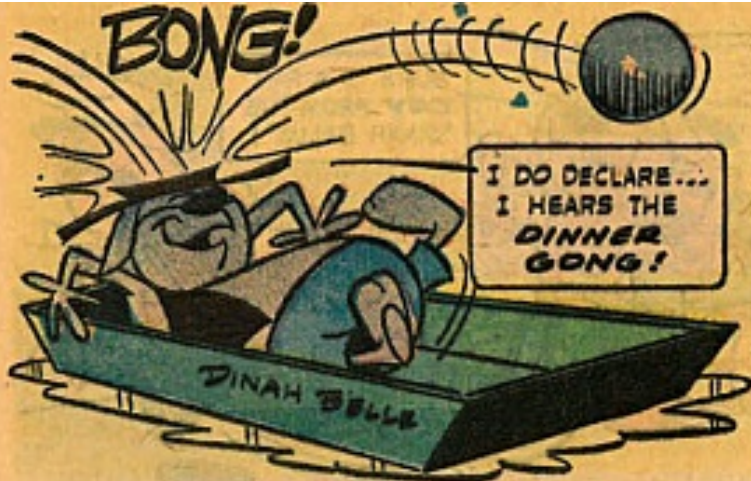
I KNOWS, TY COON! LET'S SEE
IFN' WE CAN PARTAKE OF WHAT'S
FOR THE TAKIN', *FOR REAL*!

TUM!
SNACK!
SNACK!



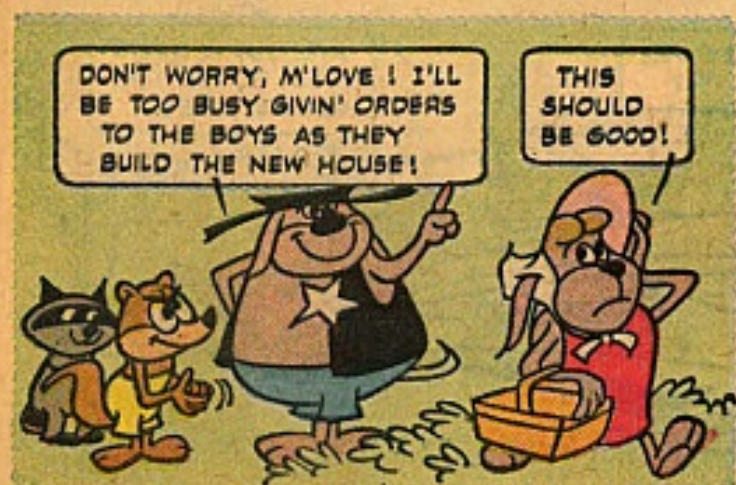
SECOND CALL
FOR BLACK-
EYED PEAS!

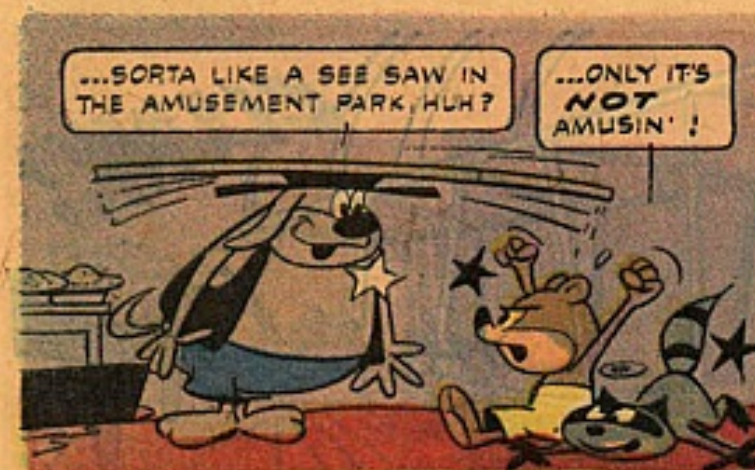
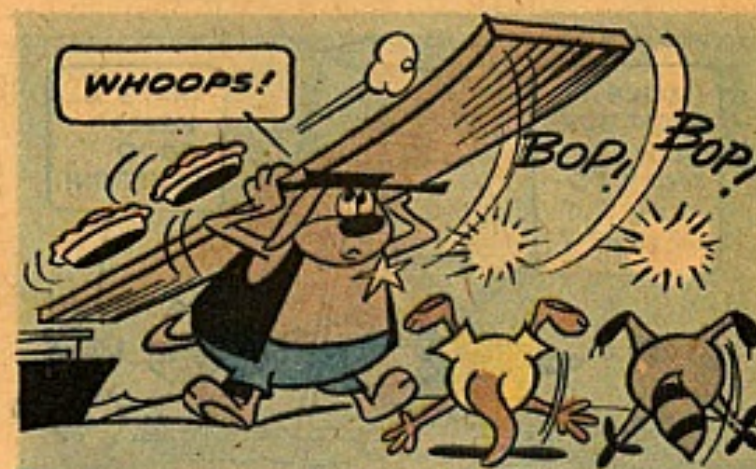
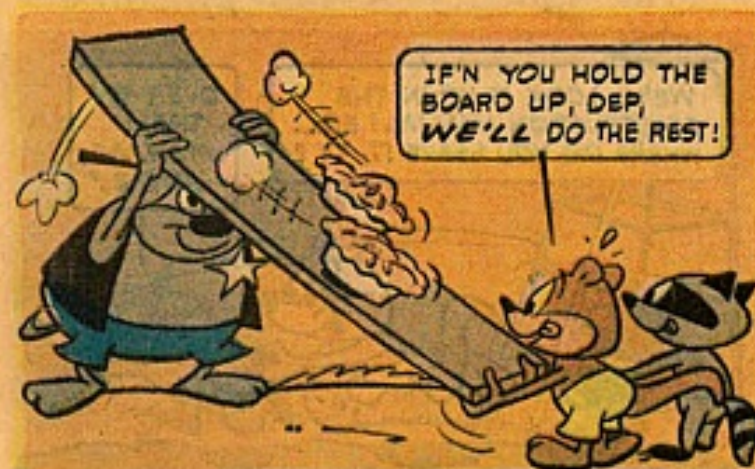
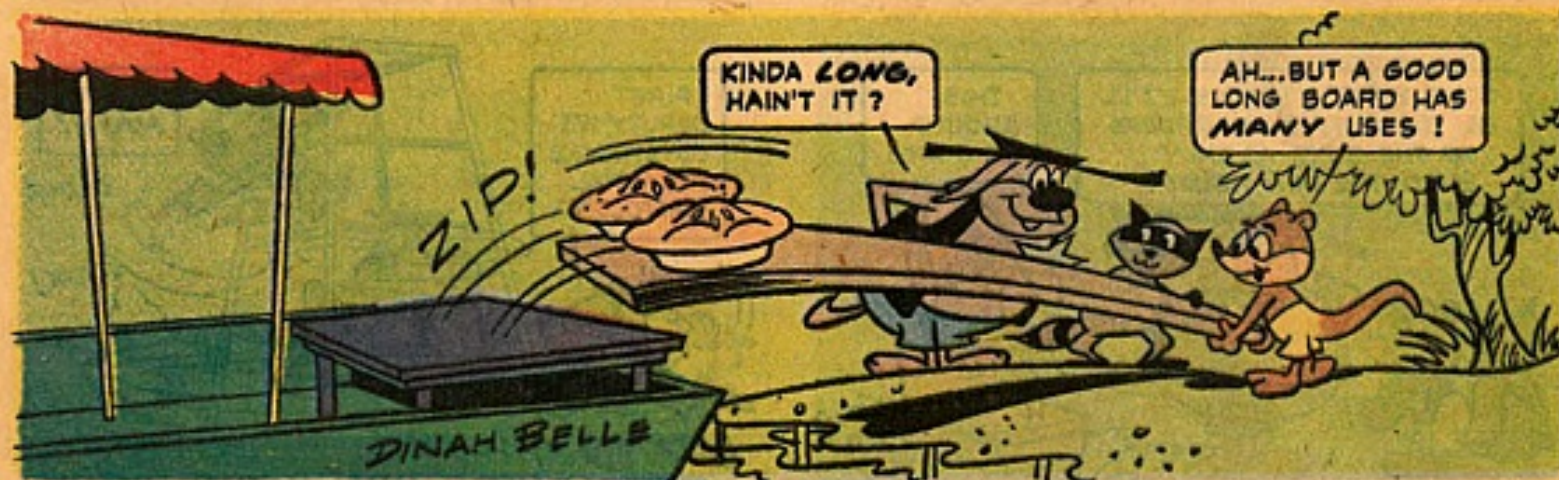
BOOM!



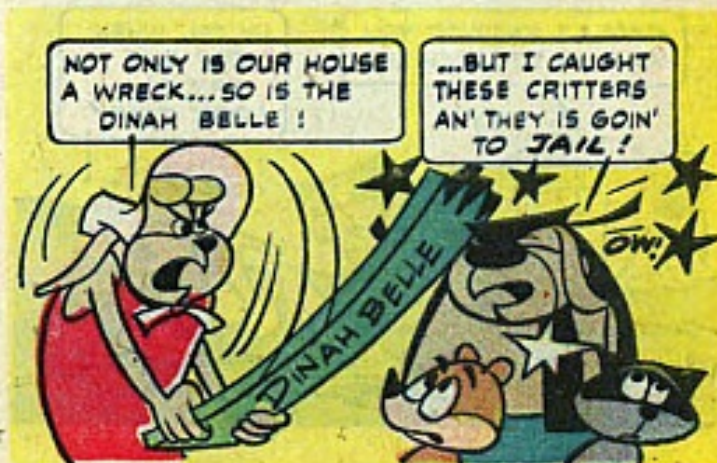












DEPUTY DAWG

A SORRY SIGHT



COME ON, ELMER! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THEY **RUNS** THESE SUMMER CRUISE SHIPS!



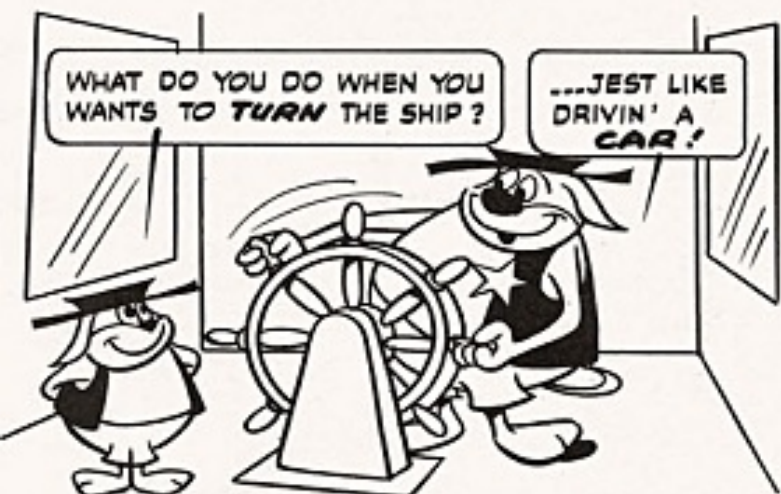
NOBODY ALLOWED ON THE **BRIDGE!**

I'M NO **DENTIST!** I'M A FELLER CAPTAIN, FELLER CAPTAIN!



UNCLE DEPUTY COMMANDS THE GOOD SHIP "DINAH BELLE"...

...ALL CAPTAINS DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE, BUT WE KNOWS **HOW** TO DO OUR DUTY!



WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU WANTS TO **TURN** THE SHIP?

...JEST LIKE DRIVIN' A **CAR!**

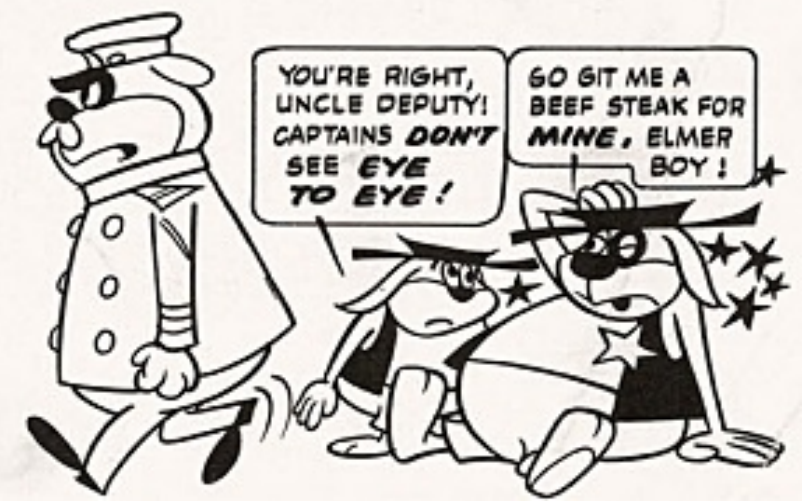


YEW STICKS OUT YOUR HAND LIKE **SO!**

OUCH!



WHOOPS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, UNCLE DEPUTY! CAPTAINS **DON'T** SEE **EYE** TO **EYE!**

GO GIT ME A BEEF STEAK FOR **MINE**, ELMER BOY!

NEW TERRYTOONS

PIN-UP NO. 2

